

Children's Newspaper

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# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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Nine

### THE FLAG OVER NINEVEH

#### CITY OF JONAH COMES INTO POLITICS

The Place the Women Talked About Before the Politicians

#### HOME OF MUSLIN

The word of the Lord came to Jonah saying, Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me.

And Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey, and cried, Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown. *From the Bible.*

Is Mosul to be British or Turkish? The League of Nations has handed on the question to the International Court of Justice at The Hague, and neither Turkey (which wants it) nor Britain (which rules it) is pleased.

We shall hear much of Mosul in the next few months, for it has become a thorny question for the politicians. Yet, long before the politicians ever heard of it, every woman in the land was talking of Mosul at some time or another. It is an interesting story. Let us look at it.

#### Capital of an Ancient Empire

Few men could have dreamed that we should live to see the British flag flying over Nineveh, and the British in possession of the great city where centuries ago ruled Sargon and Sennacherib and Shalmaneser, where the powerful, conquering Tiglath Pileser held his Court, where Jonah preached repentance to the proud people who had imposed their will on all the nations round them.

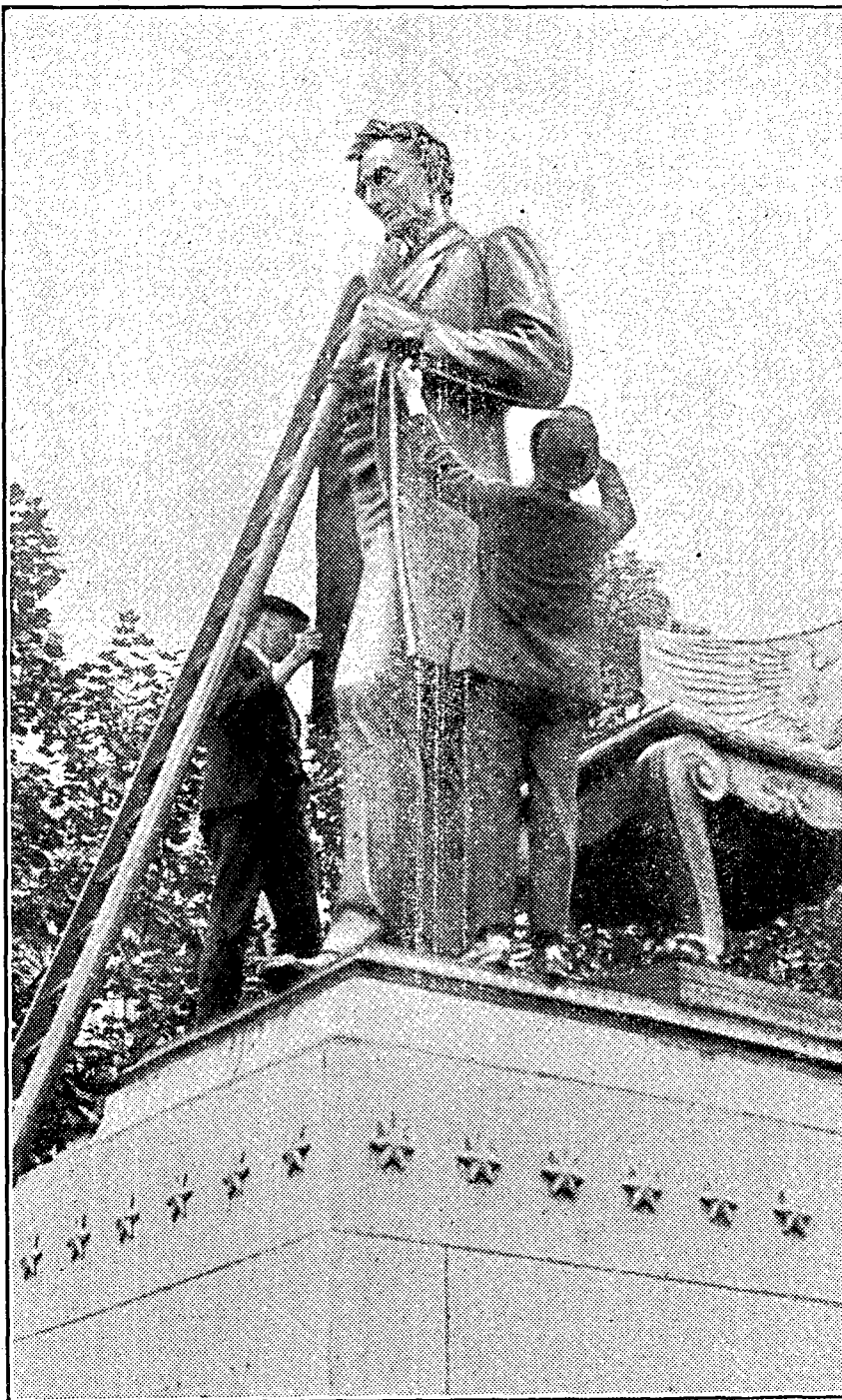
Yet Mosul is none other than the southern part of Nineveh, the capital of the ancient empire of Assyria. British officials now work and British soldiers now march over the very place where Jonah preached, and at Christian services in Mosul the book of Jonah is read from time to time, telling the strange story of his life there 25 centuries ago. Close by is a tomb, pointed out as that of Jonah.

#### Walls Fifty Feet High

Strange have been the experiences through which this city has passed. Founded before 3000 B.C., it grew in size until at last it was second only to Babylon; and beginning on the eastern bank of the Tigris, it spread across the river and covered the ground where modern Mosul stands. At the height of its glory Nineveh had a circumference of seven or eight miles, and the walls were over fifty feet high. It was the wonder of the world, but with the resurrection of Babylon as a power Nineveh fell and became a heap of ruins.

So great, indeed, was the fall thereof that when, in 401 B.C., Xenophon, the Greek general and historian who had been a disciple of Socrates, encamped with his ten thousand men under the shadow of the ruins, the name of the city had been forgotten, and he had not the slightest idea what the ruins were.

### A New Suit for Abraham Lincoln



The statue of Abraham Lincoln at Westminster is being coated with bronze paint, and here workmen are measuring the great president for his new suit. In this way they know the quantity of paint required

For more than two thousand years the proud city that had struck terror into the nations was lost to sight and memory, and then, in 1820, Mr. J. C. Rich, an Englishman who was political resident of the East India Company at Bagdad, identified the site. It was covered with two great mounds of rubbish.

In 1842 the French Consul at Mosul began excavating on the site of the ancient Assyrian capital, but it was another Englishman, Sir Henry Layard, who uncovered Nineveh and revealed its mighty wonders. It is perhaps fitting that the country whose citizens discovered and dug up the old Assyrian capital should now be extending to its modern representative the benefits of good government.

But Mosul is famous for something else. Though she may not realise it, every British housewife knows the name of this city. For muslin, the fine cotton cloth used for so many purposes, was first made at Mosul, and the name muslin is simply Mosul slightly changed on its journey from Arabic to the English language. The British housewife, therefore, had talked about Mosul without knowing it for years before the politicians began to think about it.

It is the oilfields close by that have made Mosul a bone of contention in the modern world, but it is certain that, long after all the oil has been extracted, and used, and forgotten, Mosul will still be remembered for the muslin it first gave to mankind.

### THE GREAT NAME OF DARWIN

#### SIR FRANCIS & HIS WORK AMONG THE PLANTS

Do the Flowers Remember Their Ancestors?

#### SIXPENCE FOR A FAMOUS MAN

A man great in heart and great in mind passed away when Sir Francis Darwin, the third son of the great Charles Darwin, died.

Intellect was the birthright of the Darwins. Erasmus Darwin was a famous doctor; his son Charles gave a new idea to the world; and two of Charles Darwin's sons (George Darwin, the mathematician, and Francis, the botanist) have enriched us all with their patient and lasting work.

Francis was the right-hand of his father in the researches on movements of plants which Charles Darwin made, and for eight years assisted him in his work. He spent the larger part of his life in Cambridge, and gave all his time and effort to improving the state of botanical teaching.

#### Plants with Feeling

His practical interest in plants was in their bodily structure and growth and life. When he was President of the British Association at its meeting at Cambridge he dwelt specially on the habits of plants, and how these habits seemed to be the legacy of something remembered from their ancestors.

They had, he said, an unconscious memory, even as human beings and animals have an unconscious memory of what their forefathers have done and been before them. Moreover, there were many plants which had a kind of irritability, a knowledge, such as is shown in many sensitive plants, of their surroundings or of being touched.

Evidently, said he, some plants had feeling, and he was not prepared to say they were without consciousness.

#### The Days of Long Ago

He was a true lover of plants; but, more than that, he was a lover of his fellow men. We are told he had a strong sense of humour, and expressed his opinions of people with a refreshing directness. He was essentially human. Intolerant of all forms of insincerity he was a staunch friend to those in trouble, and would always use his influence on the side of leniency. He would go out of his way to praise the work or actions of others, especially of the younger men; and he endeared himself in an unusual degree to those who knew him well.

We like to think of him in his childhood days, when he would creep into his father's library, where the great man was deeply immersed in his work, and whisper, *If oo will cum and play wiv us I will give oo sixpence.* Time has passed on and on since then, and play and work are done for both of them; but their names will never die.



## STOKE POGES CALLING

Listening to the Country Churchyard

A MIRACLE GRAY COULD NOT DREAM OF

Though golfers instead of lowing herds now wind slowly o'er the lea beneath the ivied tower of old Stoke Poges Church, it still stands solitary at eventide, or it did till the wireless waves began to lap about its quiet retreat.

But that is all changed now. On a Sunday evening in harvest time the messages of its praise and worship and the voice of its preacher were broadcast throughout the land, and indeed far beyond the English shore. They were caught on the electron's wings and went flying to America, where thousands of the descendants of Penn the Quaker, who used to worship here, listened to the congregation singing the hymn of harvesting:

*We plough the fields, and scatter  
The good seed on the land.*

Year upon year the country people have sung that hymn, never dreaming that their voices could pass beyond the walls of their little church, so far from "the madding crowd's ignoble strife;" as Gray said in his Elegy, their lot forbade that they the applause of listening senates should command, but now, by a miracle far beyond the poet's imaginings, the voices of Stoke Poges command the attention of the listening millions of the Old World and the New.

## THE BALL AND THE BIRD

### Incidents on the Golf Links

There have been some curious incidents with birds on the golf links in the last few weeks.

A golfer at Chester Curzon Park links was distressed to find that his ball, on reaching the ground, had killed two water-wagtails. One of the birds was cut in two.

At Walmer the other day a seagull picked up a golf ball as it came to rest, dropped it at its owner's feet, and, as he was going to pick it up, seized it again and flew away with it. On the same day, near Aberdare, a raven carried off eight balls in one round.

## ON THE FLYING CARPET

### A Sick Man's Search for Health

A sick man has just travelled from Dorset to Switzerland in a way that recalls the Arabian Nights story of the flying carpet.

He had spinal trouble, and though there was a good chance that treatment in a Swiss sanatorium would make him well, yet there would be grave risk of jarring the spine on the boat journey. So he was taken by motor ambulance in a shock-proof bed to the aerodrome, and the bed was lifted into the cabin of an aeroplane, which took him to Paris, and so avoided the difficulty of the Channel crossing.

## IN UNKNOWN COUNTRY

### Map-makers in the Mountains

Mr. and Mrs. Visser, the Dutch climbers and explorers, who are now on an expedition in the country where Russia, India, and China meet, have completed the first part of their work and have reached Hunza.

They have mapped 2316 square miles of unknown country in the mighty Karakoram Range, running parallel with the Himalayas on the Roof of the World. They have traced three rivers to their sources, and several glaciers, one of them 37 miles long. Now they are off again on the second part of their adventurous trip.

## The New Man in the Iron Mask

### AN ENGINEER AND A SOLDIER LOOKING ON

Steel Warriors that will Mass in Great Battalions if Another War Should Come

THE DAY OF THE ROBOTS COMING TRUE

The Army has been playing at war, manoeuvring vast forces on the great southern plains. It has been a test of man power versus mechanical power.

As our generals looked on there must have come to them poignant memories of a war that was very real, and as we read of the marvellous moving about of these immense engines of destruction this is what we see in it all if a mad world allows War to go on.

On a clump of bracken a Soldier and an Engineer stood watching something that was waddling toward them along the ribbon of road that crossed the Common.

Did we say waddling? It was coming faster than that (*Fourteen miles an hour on the level*, said the Engineer to the Soldier), and now it looked like a big closed-in perambulator, except that its wheels could not be seen. There was something poking out of its top (*That's the quick-firing gun*, observed the Engineer. *Now watch!*).

### A Small Tank

The closed-in perambulator made a sharp turn in the road like a taxi-cab, but, unlike any taxi-cab known to the streets, made a dash at the steep four-foot bank of the road and climbed out on to the Common. Then the Soldier recognised it for what it was; its dull grey body and flattened egg shape were those of a Tank.

It was a small Tank, big enough to hold a man and his quick-firing gun and no more. But it was a remarkably nippy Tank. It raced across the gullies and the gorse of the Common as fast as a bicycle, though a bicycle would have broken every spoke in trying to follow it over such country. It rushed up a hill at seven miles an hour; it threaded its way through a thick coppice of trees and brushwood. (*Noses its way through anything*, said the Engineer.)

The Engineer was full of enthusiasm. This was the first of the One-Man Tanks, and he had made it. It had only an old motor-car engine inside it, but he could give it more power, and it would cover the roughest country as fast as a two-seater. Its small size was its greatest advantage. Three hundred yards away it could not be spotted among the bracken, and the aeroplane which swooped in circles overhead would hardly know it was there.

### Battlefield of the Future

The Soldier mused. He saw the battlefield of the future, which was seldom absent from his thoughts, and on a wide plain the lines of infantry advancing behind the barrage of the bursting shells fired by their own artillery to the attack. With them advance their own monster Tanks, wallowing like whales in a sea of fire and drifting gas. He remembered those Tanks in the Great War; how the first crude monsters burst through the German defences at Cambrai, and a year later crushed in Ludendorff's flank when he made his last thrust across the Marne. Yet hardly anybody had believed in them when the first Tanks, like huge cigars, had been shown to the War Office. The type had improved enormously since then, and both sides had them. They were faster and stronger, but still clumsy things. Was there an answer to them?

In the pictured battle-front before his musing eyes the Soldier saw one answer. A high-explosive shell fell on one of them, and lo! it was not. Wiped out, crew, guns, and all. But there were plenty more ready to take its place. Then came the answer. Through the

fiery reek of the barrage advances, to meet the gas-masked infantry and the moving forts of the Tanks, not other infantry, not other monstrous Tanks, but a wide-spread battalion of the Tanks which in 1925 looked like perambulators. Nothing stops them; the spotting aeroplanes cannot make them out clearly enough to direct the artillery fire on to them, and if five, ten, fifty, a hundred of them are knocked out there are five, ten, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand more! Sticking out of them, like horns, are their quick-firing guns, which stab the air with flashes of flame. Four or five of them cluster about one of the big enemy Tanks. Their horns are stabbing it, not with bullets, but with armour-piercing explosive shells. They paralyse it, as a stinging fly would paralyse a caterpillar.

### The Attack Fails

There are scores, hundreds, perhaps thousands of the One-Man Tanks, their speed increasing as they pass the big Tanks and spread themselves in a counter-attack among the infantry they are meeting. Death sprays from their quick-firing guns. Flesh and blood cannot stand up to them, the most desperate courage dies before them. . . . The attack has failed, crushed before the counter-attack delivered by the One-Man Tanks.

So the Soldier sees a battlefield of the future. But the Engineer sees another future for these Tanks, the children of his brain. Suppose they could run by themselves, with no man inside them, like a knight in armour, to ride down the helpless infantrymen! A motor-boat has been made to run about a lake without a steersman, its motors guided and directed by a beam of light. An aeroplane takes its course from a wireless operator. Some day, most surely, the controls of a Tank will be controlled by wireless, and this modern dinosaur will be moved hither and thither by someone sitting miles away, receiving in his sound-proof room wireless reports from aeroplanes, and sending out as he touches electric switches the wireless orders to the mechanical Tanks.

### Creatures Without Minds

Not long ago a clever playwright thought of a play in which someone made mechanical men, Robots. These creatures without minds or hearts or souls could do all a man could, and more. They could work without fatigue, fight without injury, or if they were injured they could be put together again, for they were machines and nothing else.

The Engineer saw a future in which his manless Tanks would be the first Robots, machines directed from a distance, spreading death and dismay among an army that sought to oppose them, but, being mere machines, incapable themselves of feeling. He saw these Robots spreading like a swarm of poisonous locusts over any battlefield, destroying all that came in their way, yet heedless of destruction, heedless even of their own destruction.

And as he thought over such a frightful catastrophe, the Engineer shuddered, for he knew that someone would some day try to make the dream come true. But afterwards he took a little courage, for he thought that perhaps such an engine of destruction was the only thing that could destroy War itself, because men might see at last that war had truly become impossible.

## THINGS SAID

### MEN AND WORK

The World More Comfortable and More Discontented

TOO PROUD TO BEND

The Anglo-Saxon has got too proud to bend his back. *A Canadian*

The end to be must be as much man's achievement as God's.

*Professor Bethune-Baker*

There would have been no railways in England today if the nation had yielded to the opposition of the coach drivers.

*Mr. Lennox Bertram Lee*

When men despise work they do it badly. When they despise the worker they pay him badly. *Mr. C. E. Curzon*

The personality of the teacher is much more valuable than his scholarship, his method, or his equipment.

*The Master of Wellington College*

Germany is trying to regulate traffic across her frontiers with as few hindrances as possible. *Herr Stresemann*

If the Labour Party were to toy with Revolution it would rightly forfeit the respect of everyone who had a head to think. *Mr. Ramsay MacDonald*

The world in 1925, though much richer, better fed, more educated, and more comfortable, is much more discontented than a century ago.

*Bishop of Durham*

There is no more important question for Britain than the problem of getting a larger proportion of the people to dwell in the calm, secure atmosphere of the country. *Mr. Lloyd George*

Some of the food sent to schoolboys by doting parents is absolutely poisonous. *Dr. G. F. Friend*

The public school boy I have in mind I have seen—modest, simple, good at games and at work, and genuinely fond of both, and free from that worst of moral vices, the desire to take advantage of his neighbour. *Dr. Rouse, Headmaster of Persé*

When we understand Peace as well as we understand War there need be no more wars. *Mr. Stacy Aumonier*

Reading is the inspiration of youth and the consolation of old age.

*Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.*

## A GOOD IDEA GOES ASTRAY

Clearing House for London Traffic

A citizen of London has died who invented a way of dealing with London's goods traffic which we have always thought would have been an immense help in easing pressure in our streets. He was Mr. Alfred Warwick Gattie.

He began life as a clerk in the Bank of England, and his experience of the great Clearing House of the banks gave him the idea of a clearing house for the traffic of goods into and out of London. A departmental committee investigated the plan in 1919, and unfortunately decided against it.

The idea was to throw all the great goods stations of London into one, joining them up to it by tubes. It was to be many storeys high, with hoists and cranes and trollies to sort out the goods. Railway trucks and street lorries of an enormous size were to be used for bringing and removing the goods. This alone, he held, would have reduced the street traffic by nearly a hundred thousand vehicles. Expense seems to have been the chief reason for the rejection of the scheme, but what is the loss due to its rejection?

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# 1000 YEARS OF BRITISH COSTUME



DOCTOR—A.D. 800

SOLDIER—1000

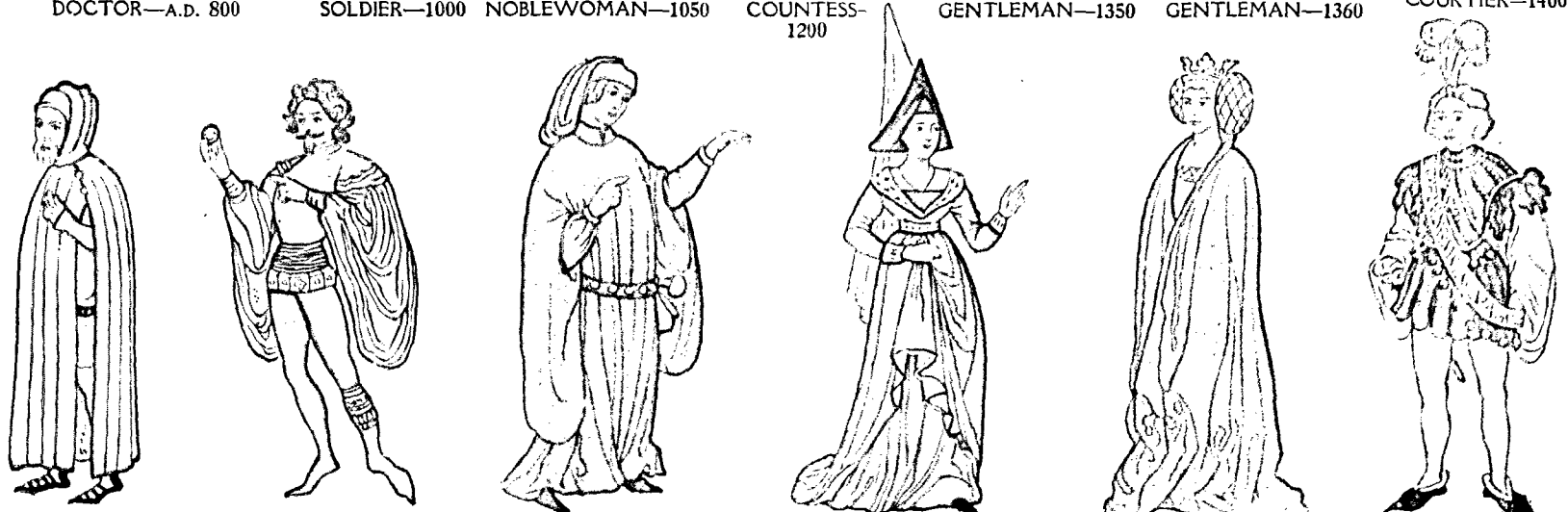
NOBLEWOMAN—1050

COUNTRESS—1200

GENTLEMAN—1350

GENTLEMAN—1360

COURTIER—1400



CITIZEN—1400

NOBLEMAN—1450

GENTLEMAN—1450

LADY—1480

NOBLEWOMAN—1490

NOBLEMAN—1490



MERCHANT—1500

SOLDIER—1500

HOUSEWIFE—1520

DANDY—1530

NOBLEMAN—1530

GENTLEWOMAN—1550



LADY—1560

NOBLEMAN—1570

HOUSEWIFE—1570

COUNTESS—1600

PRINCE—1600

PURITAN—1650

In nothing do habits change so much as in the way the people dress. From the costumes worn in any period we can form a good idea of the character of the people of that age. In this colour supplement and the next the C.N. gives fifty pictures showing the changes British costume has passed through for a thousand years, from the days before Alfred to the Victorian era





## ROME'S BRITISH FLEET

### HOUSE OF ITS ADMIRAL?

Story of an Enthusiast with a Spade at Folkestone

### WHAT HE THINKS OF IT

ROMAN FOLKESTONE. By S. E. Winbolt, M.A. (Methuen) 8s. 6d.

It is delightful to find such evidence of increased public interest in the buried England of the past as this brisk book affords.

Few have realised what the presence of Rome meant to southern England 1600 years ago. Some close students of historic details have been aware that a series of forts and watch towers guarded the landing-places of Yorkshire, Norfolk, Essex, Kent, and Sussex against the pirates from the North, but the imagination of the ordinary readers of history was not stirred.

### England 1600 Years Ago

Then Mr. Winbolt came along, and met, at Folkestone, with the fact that under the cliffs on the shore Roman coins and signs of Roman habitation have been picked up as the cliffs have crumbled and fallen. So he made an examination of the cliff summit, and reached the belief that excavation there would disclose interesting proofs of Roman activity which might vanish into the sea if the work of excavation was not hastened.

The borough of Folkestone has listened to Mr. Winbolt with admirable effect. It has backed him in his excavations, and is taking steps to preserve what he has found. So energetically has the work been carried on, and so skilfully is it recorded in this book, that attention has been widely called to the England of 1600 to 1900 years ago, and sluggish imagination has been half awakened.

### A Comfortable Villa

What this enthusiastic digger thinks he has found on the Folkestone cliff, and in all probability has found, is the villa of a Roman admiral, directly opposite Boulogne, the headquarters of the Roman fleet in the West, from which touch could be kept with the defensive forts along the English coast on either hand.

A very comfortable villa it seems to have been. Apparently it was built on the site of a house once occupied by a well-to-do Briton. The naval station contained accommodation for a superior and a less superior officer, with such baths and heating arrangements as were usual wherever Romans made their permanent home.

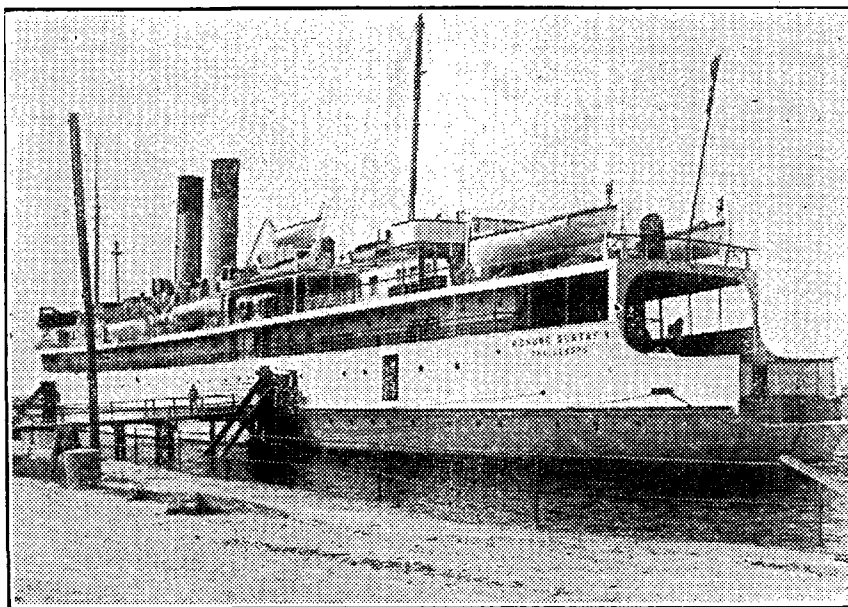
### An Interesting Possibility

The reasoning by which Mr. Winbolt reaches these conclusions, with a full account of the results of his excavations, is contained in this book. And it contains much more. It tells all about excavations, their difficulties, their humours, the doubts they raise, the expert knowledge they attract, the historical vistas they suggest, and even the interesting details of the domestic life of long ago which they call to mind, even if they are not disclosed to the eyes of a wondering posterity.

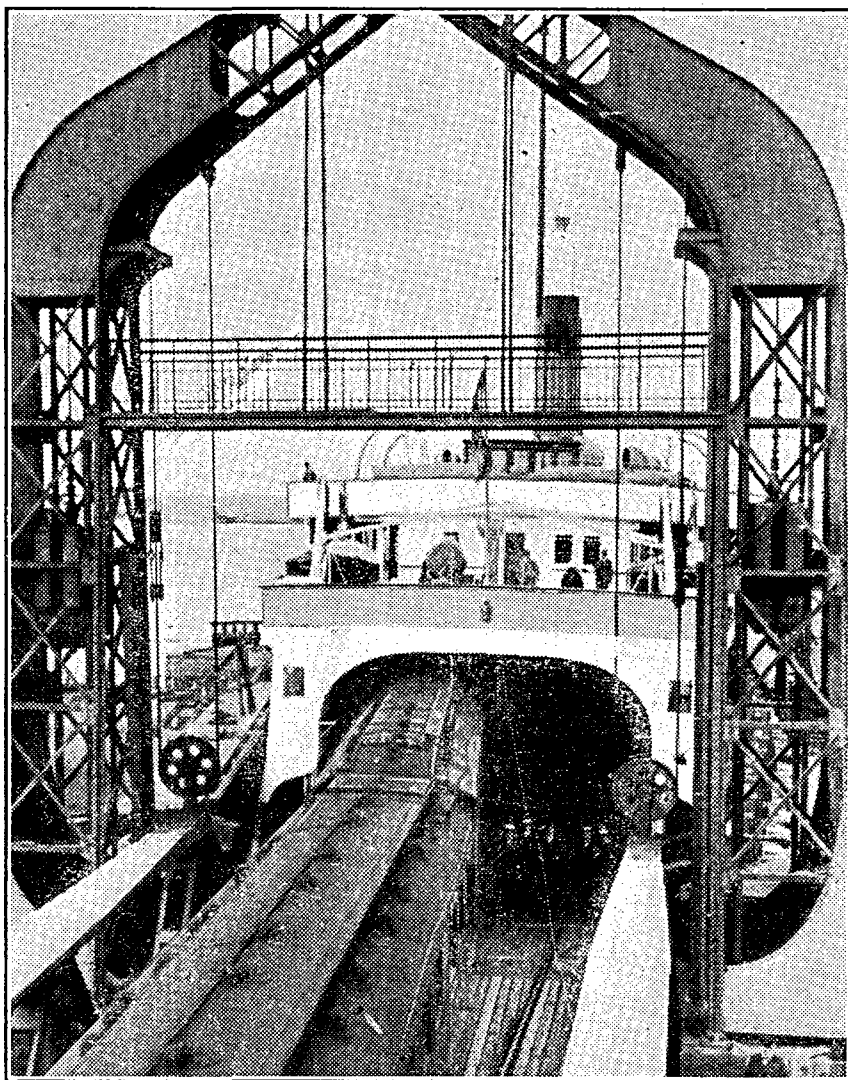
Why may not this house, the author asks, be the very house in which that attractive pirate Carausius lived when he made Britain a separate section of the Roman Empire and became its emperor? Why not? Carausius established a mint and issued his own coinage, and one of his coins has been found on the Editor's hilltop.

Mr. Winbolt's book is amply illustrated, and the text contains a skilful mixture of solid facts and of the theories that give life to ordinary facts.

## THE BIGGEST TRAIN FERRY IN EUROPE



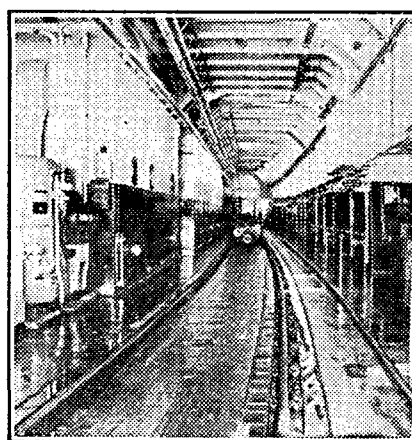
The train ferry seen from the stern



The Berlin to Stockholm express on the ferry boat



The dining saloon



One side of the car deck

English and Belgian representatives of the railways interested in the train-ferry service between Harwich and Zeebrugge have been recently inspecting the train ferry that runs between Sweden and Germany, shown in these pictures. This vessel, the King Gustaf V, is the largest of its kind in Europe, being equipped with 600 feet of track for cars and carriages

## THE WATCHER ON THE ISLAND

### Guarding a Great Sanctuary

### ALONE WITH THE WIND AND THE BIRDS

The watcher of Scolt Head Island is nearing the end of her second summer's vigil among the birds.

For two summers now Miss E. L. Turner has been watching the birds on the Scolt Head Island Sanctuary. She does the work of her own free will, acting for the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists Society.

Her home has been a small pavilion on the island. Part of the time she has lived alone with the wind and weather and the birds in this desolate spot, and part of the time she has had a friend with her.

The real Nature-lover does not dread solitude because of the hundreds of interests in insect, plant, and animal life everywhere, so that Miss Turner has not felt lonely. This tract of land was bought some time ago by the National Trust as a sanctuary for birds, and east country readers of the C.N. know it well, an empty, barren-looking island standing off the coast near Hunstanton and Wells.

### A Desolate Place

Between the island and the mainland is a choppy, difficult little channel, and over the sandy beaches the gales spread themselves in fury, unhindered. The place is desolate enough to make the happiest of homes for seashore birds.

Here come in great numbers birds that had the freedom of the whole coast until man frightened them away: ringed plovers, oyster catchers, red-shanks, shelducks, and the terns. They have divided their island sanctuary into separate kingdoms. The passerine birds love the freedom of the east side and the wide ocean. The waders have annexed the western half, where at low water there are tempting shallows.

The terns are particularly fond of the sand hills and ridges at the north of the island, a place which the guardian of the birds has called The Ternery. Here she spends long silent hours watching and learning, dead to the world, as we should say. The birds have no fear of their friend or of her camera.

Miss Turner hopes to live in this happy exile until the end of October.

## A MAN'S 700 HOURS OF LABOUR

### Tapestry Weaver to a Queen

There is an ex-soldier of Hinckley, Mr. Walter Bailey, who is going to be known in England as a weaver of old-fashioned and beautiful tapestries.

He has had no training as a craftsman, but by years of steady work he has made himself so efficient that many orders have come to him from castles and mansions where tapestry is loved.

The last piece of work Mr. Bailey finished was a chair seat commissioned by the Queen of Spain, who has shown much interest in the Disabled Soldiers' Embroidery Industry in Ebury Street, and, seeing Mr. Bailey's weaving exhibited there, gave him the order.

It took him seven hundred hours to weave that seat. There are very few men who weave tapestry by hand in these days, and now that we know how long Mr. Bailey spent over that one piece we are not surprised.

In bygone centuries tapestry weaving was a great art. It is still maintained in various circles in England, and lovers of beautiful objects are rejoiced to know that the real thing is still being produced. Huge tapestries were woven to cover bare stone walls before the days of wood-panelling came, and some of these can be seen by anyone in South Kensington Museum.



## ANCIENT VENGEANCE IN MODERN GREECE

### A Grim Sight in Athens STAMPING OUT THE BRIGANDS

The other day, by the walls of Athens, the passers-by looked, and turned away, and looked again at the ghastly heads put there for all to see. They were the heads of a gang of brigands who for years had murdered and robbed and held to ransom those whom they captured in the wild country about Mount Olympus.

A grim sight it was; but richly they deserved their fate, for these brigands were no gallant heroes, though the younger of them was a handsome ruffian who had earned for himself the title of the King of Olympus from the country people, who had every reason to fear him, for he spared none.

#### Where Brigands Ruled

Such was the leader, and such the deeds of the band he led. The band had robbed and murdered with impunity for over seven years; and their leader had boasted that he had killed seventy people with his own hands. The disturbances of the war and the years following it account for the continued existence of this brigand band in a country supposed to be civilised.

Perhaps civilisation does not go very deep in Macedonia and Thessaly, where these brigands ruled, and to our ideas the holding-up to public view of the heads of the brigands seems horrible. It was done in Morocco, on the walls of Fez before the war, but Morocco is Africa, not Europe. Yet, before we hold up hands of horror, we should recollect that a tablet near the Marble Arch marks the place where Charles the Second exposed to scorn and derision the head of one of the greatest of all our English rulers, Oliver Cromwell.

## THE LULWORTH TANKS

### Another War Office Promise WILL IT BE KEPT THIS TIME?

Once more the War Office has made promises about Lulworth, and we must hope that this time it will keep them.

It is to keep its thousand acres in one of England's beauty spots for tank gunnery practice for another four years and then (or sooner if another site is found) the land is to be given up.

What makes people anxious is that it was definitely agreed that the tanks should go by August last year at the latest, yet the War Office tried to get the Railway Commissioners to let them stay on; and when Mr. Justice Sankey refused, the War Office announced that it would exercise the power of compulsory purchase, and stay on in spite of the judge!

Now it has given up the idea of purchase and has agreed to be satisfied with a lease to September, 1929. Apparently the Government has realised that the public really does care about its scenery and that it would be wise to tell the War Office to find somewhere else for its tanks. The sooner it is found the better.

Meanwhile, there is to be no firing on Saturdays or Sundays or on bank holidays, or after three on any other day, so we shall not be wholly excluded even for the four years. The War Office, also, has accepted the suggestions of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society for the protection of the public interest. All honour to the Society for its stubborn fight; it has public opinion behind it in seeing that the new bargain is loyally carried through.

## FALLING WATER AND ITS WONDERS

### Power for Switzerland and Palestine

#### ONE SEA TO FALL INTO ANOTHER

Switzerland is to derive enough power from a new waterfall in the Alps to drive all her trains; and now comes news of a wonderful scheme to give electrical power to all Palestine.

What is probably one of the most dramatic engineering schemes in the world has just been mapped out by French engineers to provide electrical power for all Palestine, and make water available for the irrigation of thousands of acres of land at present dry and useless. It will also give a new interior port for ocean shipping and the water for many canals.

The water from the Mediterranean Sea is to be carried by canals and pumps, and lastly by a huge siphon, to the Valley of the Jordan; and from there it will be allowed an immense fall of 1500 feet into the Dead Sea. The Mediterranean being much higher up than the Dead Sea, its water is to be conveyed to the Dead Sea and allowed to drop into it as a huge waterfall, producing power, which will drive dynamos sufficient to pump all the water required for irrigation.

It is a bold scheme, the conception of M. Pierre Gandillon, but it has passed the criticism of business engineers.

## CARRYING KINDNESS ROUND THE WORLD

### A Good Deed in Hungary

As a little candle throws its beams, says Shakespeare, so shines a good deed in a naughty world.

It is true. A reader in Hungary tells us of an instance in which the C.N. has been instrumental in lessening animal suffering through the influence it exerted on his own sentiments.

Formerly women going home from market in the city where he lives could be seen carrying live chickens, ducks, and geese by their feet, with their heads downwards, and sometimes trailing on the pavement. Reading the C.N. aroused in him a sense of the pity of such a scene, until at last he took steps which have led to the cruel practice being forbidden.

A further outcome has been the formation of societies for the protection of animals from cruelty, of wild birds from destruction, and of flowers and wild plants from careless waste.

*Evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as want of heart!*

The C.N. hears with much pleasure that its persistence in dwelling on a need for the thoughtfulness that hates pain has had effect as far away as Hungary.

## MAN v. TIGER

### How the Fight Goes in India

Ceaseless warfare is waged in India against the wild beasts that prey on man.

Rewards are offered for each animal killed. It is, as would be expected, an unequal battle, for while last year the wild beasts killed 2587 human beings in British India, human beings killed no fewer than 21,000 wild beasts. Only the tiger comes near holding his own; for almost every tiger killed, a human being loses his life, too. The figures are 1706 tigers to 1174 humans.

Contrast these with the figures for the tiger's near kinsman, the leopard. Leopards killed by men are 5202; men killed by leopards are 406. But far more dangerous than all the wild beasts are the snakes. Deaths from snake-bite numbered just under twenty thousand last year, eight times as many as the victims of all the four-footed marauders.

## 1000 ARAB HORSEMEN

### TROUBLE IN THE DESERT

#### Story of British and French Heroism

#### DEVOTED WOMEN

We have heard a good deal since the war of the quick journey that can now be made by motor-car across the Assyrian Desert between Damascus and Bagdad, but we have heard little of its dangers. Doubtless in quiet times they are small, but the Druze revolt has made the Arabs restless, and accounts have come home of very serious fighting with a body of a thousand Arab horsemen who attacked a French convoy 70 miles from Damascus. The defenders showed the greatest heroism.

With the convoy were the British mails, an American party which had been visiting Persia on financial business, and several women travellers. There was a running fight for forty miles, and at one time the convoy must have been brought to a standstill, for we read of the French commander of the escort of armoured cars, Captain Carpentier, going to the succour of a wounded Arab, who on his approach pulled himself up and shot him dead.

A British air lieutenant who saw him fall tried to drive to his assistance, but was disabled. Lieutenant Roberts, in a similar attempt, was also wounded while carrying the body to his car. He became delirious, but managed to drive for two miles before he collapsed. British women showed great bravery in nursing the wounded. An unarmed chauffeur named Davidson is asserted to have captured three Arabs by himself.

## LONDON'S TRAFFIC WORRIES

### No Help from America

It seems that America is not going to be able to help London with her traffic troubles.

Sir Henry Maybury has spent a month in the United States trying to pick up suggestions, but he says that America has not yet solved her own traffic problem, though she has shown wonderful ingenuity, and that many of the improvements she has made would be too costly for us to imitate.

For instance, there is a road near Detroit, the great motor-car building city, which is 204 feet wide, and is as smooth as glass; but it cost ten thousand pounds a mile to make! America can afford it, but England cannot. Besides, we do not need such big roads. Great as is our motor traffic, it will never be as great as America's, and we like our scattered villages and the winding roads that do not exist in America.

## THE WORLD IS TIRED OF HATING

### A Word from Mr. Gandhi

There is no more ardent Nationalist in India than Mr. Gandhi, but he has just been rebuking his followers for thinking that their love of their own country means hatred for the British Government.

"I have deliberately come to the conclusion," says Mr. Gandhi, "that love of one's country is perfectly consistent with the love of those whose rule, even those whose domination, whose methods, we do not like. The world is weary of hatred. Is it necessary for the three hundred million Indians to hate the hundred thousand Englishmen in India? Rather let India have the privilege of turning over a new leaf and setting a lesson to the world. I do not want the freedom of India if India wants the disappearance of the English or the extinction of the Englishman."

## A DISCOVERER OF THE PYGMIES

### A Pioneer of the Dark Continent

#### LAST OF THE GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORERS

Livingstone has long been dead, Emin Pasha and Stanley are gone, and now Dr. George Schweinfurth, the last of the great African explorers of the nineteenth century, has passed into the land of the Great Departed.

He was a year short of ninety, and it was 62 years ago that he first set foot on African soil, after coasting along the Red Sea in a small boat.

He got as far as Khartoum, in days long before Gordon died there, before the Mahdi filled the Sudan with terror and cruelty; and after returning to Germany he was offered the far greater task of passing by his first route through the region of the White Nile and the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

He went boldly along the old way, and joined a party of ivory dealers whose business with the natives took them far into the heart of Africa. He was the first to see the long-lipped giant Dinkas; he passed through the lands of cannibals; and, greatest of all, he saw the pygmy tribes of Akka, those tiny creatures whom not many have visited since, because they dwell in the gloom of the great Dark Forest of Equatorial Africa. Before he discovered them, their very existence had been thought a fairy-tale.

He took three years over his journey, and before his return the greatest misfortune that can happen to an explorer befell him. Fire broke out in his camp and destroyed all his diaries and notebooks, all the careful records he had made of the strange African peoples and their dialects, all his clothes, instruments, and weapons.

This was his greatest journey but not his last, and he felt the call of Africa and responded till he was too old to travel.

## 124 MEMBERS OF THE SUN'S FAMILY

### The Man who Found Them

Genius, said Robert Louis Stevenson, is "ten per cent inspiration and ninety per cent perspiration."

When a great man dies people are always ready to remember his inspirations, perhaps at the cost of neglecting the hard work with which he must have backed them up. So, when Johann Palisa, once assistant director of the Vienna Observatory, died a few weeks ago at a great age, his death was scarcely noticed.

Palisa, however, did a stupendous piece of work during his lifetime. He discovered and charted, without any aid from photography, 124 new members of the Sun's family, all tiny planets revolving round the Sun in paths lying for the most part between the orbits of Mars and Venus.

Altogether, about a thousand of these little planets are now known.

## STONE AGE LADY

### A Little Statue in a Cave

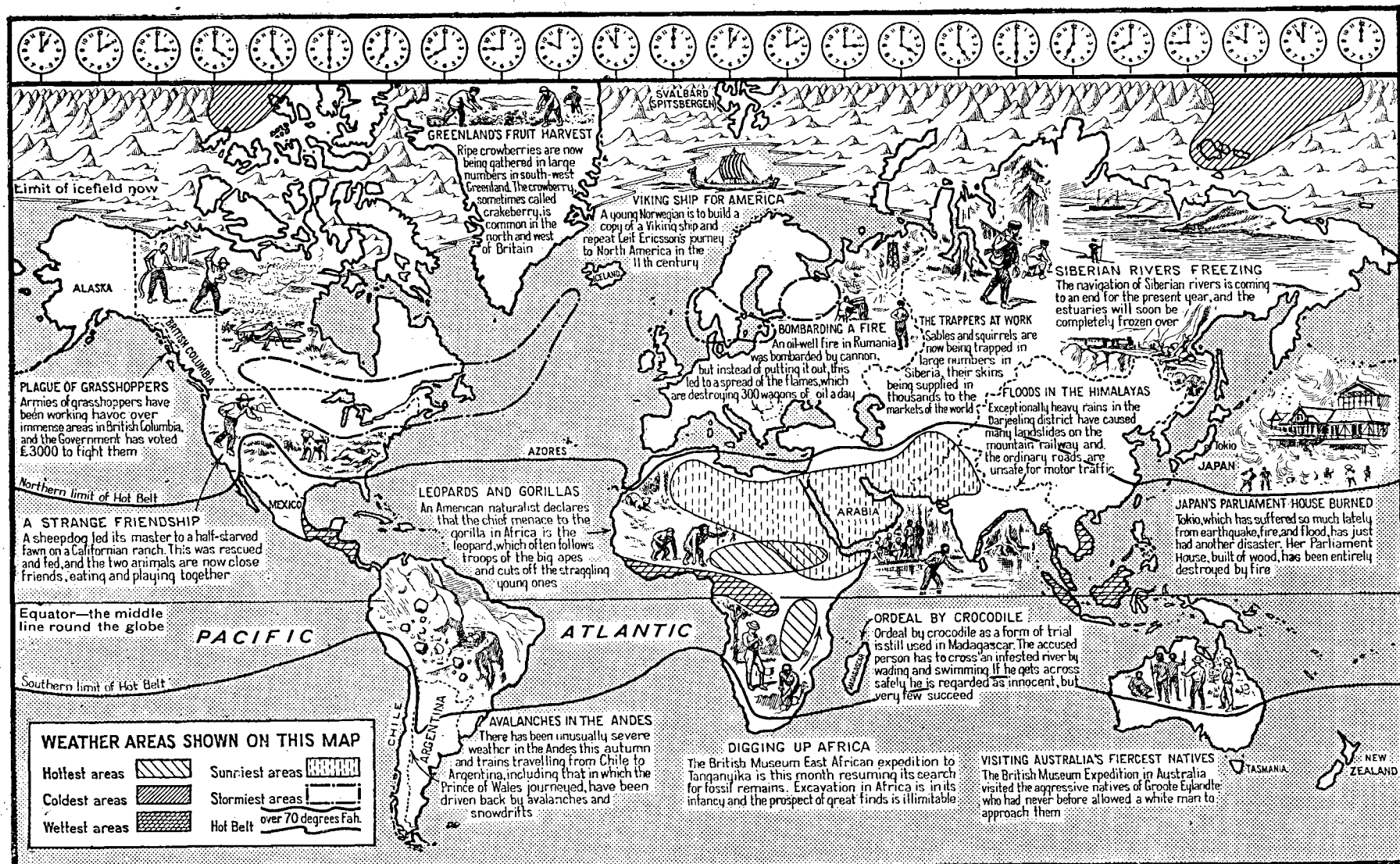
Scientists who are exploring some caves at Pollau, not far from Vienna, in the territory that is now Czechoslovakia, have found a little figure about six inches high, belonging to the Old Stone Age.

Prehistoric men are supposed to have taken refuge in the Pollau Hills thousands of years ago, about the end of the Ice Age. This little carving, of fine red sandstone, shows what their idea of a pretty woman was, and it is very beautifully made.

A number of skeletons of mammoths, reindeer, and wolves have been found close by the caves.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



# A LANDMARK KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD Great Chimney Falls Down

The Mariner's Chimney has fallen, and sea charts throughout the world will have to be altered to mark the event.

The great chimney stood for fifty years at Northfleet, near Gravesend, and when the low-lying lighthouse was enveloped in river mists its 270 feet of brickwork stood out clear and distinct above them. Its disappearance has had to be notified to every maritime authority in the world.

Whether it was no longer needed or whether it had become insecure with age, we do not know, but its end became its life. Bricks were removed on one side of its base, and it slowly toppled over, retaining its sturdy straightness to the last moment.

Homecoming sailors will miss it greatly, for it told them that their wanderings were near their end.

## DINNER IN THE CLOUDS

### The Aeroplane de Luxe

Flying, having overcome its early difficulties, is becoming luxurious.

The world's biggest air express, which now travels on the Imperial Airways service from London to the Continent, has been fitted as a dining-room, with armchair seats for twenty-four people, and a table for each chair. An attendant supplies light meals to the passengers from an electrical buffet, and there is an electric heating apparatus.

## A CHILD AND A SCREW

### Growing Up with It

When an operation was performed on an American woman the other day, a screw was found embedded in her lungs.

It seems that she swallowed the screw when a child, but was afraid to tell her mother, so that nothing was done and she had been carrying it for forty years!

## A QUEER EVENT

### The Weeping Wrestler at Frankfort

Gerikoff, a Polish wrestler, came all the way to Frankfort from Warsaw to wrestle with a German, Pappa Schwarz, for a golden belt.

Gerikoff had issued the challenge, for the belt was his, but he over-estimated his abilities, and was beaten.

The audience waited patiently for the next scene, in which the loser was expected, like a good sportsman, to hand over the belt to the victor in the presence of his audience. But they waited in vain, for Gerikoff was no sportsman, after all. He was so upset by the loss of the belt that he would not come out of his dressing-room, but sent his manager to tell the people that his loss had affected him so sorely that he was utterly prostrated.

And now the German showed himself the better sportsman in more senses than one, for he said that Gerikoff could keep the prize. When the news was taken to the Pole he re-entered the ring, weeping, but his tears soon dried when the belt was handed back to him. Then the two men shook hands, and the curtain fell amid thunderous applause.

## CROCODILE'S EGGS

## A Correction

We much regret that by a slip the other day we spoke of the ichneumon fly destroying colonies of crocodiles by eating their eggs. It is, of course, the ichneumon and not the ichneumon fly that eats the eggs.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Czecho-Slovakia	<b>Ch</b> ek-o-Slo-vah-ke-ah
Mosul	Mo-sool
Schwarz	Schvarts
Sennacherib	Sen-nak-e-rib
Xenophon	Zen-o-fun

## SHIPS ARE DEAR TO-DAY

Remarkably high prices are being paid for second-hand steamships, and many old vessels are changing hands at higher prices than they cost when new.

Old steamships are sold very much like meat—by weight. A good vessel will fetch £8 a ton, while even an old one, still with its uses, may fetch two pounds a ton. The ships which are fetching the highest prices are those of less than a thousand tons, some of which have recently been bought for as much as £25 a ton.

## UNDER PICCADILLY

### Halfway Down the Shaft

The construction of the new underground beehive beneath Piccadilly Circus is making rapid progress. The new shafts to take the escalators leading to the various railway lines have already been carried some distance from the working shaft. The platforms lie a hundred feet below the surface of the ground, and some of the new borings have reached about half this distance.

## FREE COLOUR PLATES

### Costumes for 1000 Years

With this issue of the C.N. is given a fine plate in full colour, and a companion plate will be given next week.

The two plates show the changes of British costume for a thousand years, and form a valuable series of 50 pictures of men and women in styles of dress ranging from before Alfred to the eve of our own time.

Readers of the C.N. have a great treat in store for them in the new serial story that begins this week.

Mr. Gunby Hadath's famous stories of life in our big public schools are very well known to boys and girls.

To be sure of next week's C.N., an order should be placed with your news-agent now.

**THE DELIGHT OF BEING  
A HERO**  
**Truth Stranger than Fiction**

We are often being told that truth is stranger than fiction, and here is another example. It happened in the little town of Barton-on-Humber.

A man called Harry Thurlby was walking along by the river side. There were always plenty of children playing about, and sometimes some of them got into the river. Mr. Thurlby, thinking nothing of the fate that was about to snatch at his happiness, suddenly became aware that a little girl was in difficulties in the water.

He did not know who she was, but he heard the terrified cry for help.

Without a second's hesitation he plunged in. The girl was in greater straits than he knew, and for a minute it was touch-and-go whether the river would claim her for a victim. At last the man, with the child in his safe grip, reached the bank.

Then he found that he had rescued his little nine-year-old daughter!

## AIR KILLS A MAN

### Extraordinary Accident

An accident in the Clipstone Colliery, Nottinghamshire, is said to be unique in the annals of coal-mining.

The valve of a coal-cutting machine blew out, and a miner received the full force of compressed air on his back and legs. Coal-dust and bits of his clothing were driven into his flesh, and the man died. The Mines Inspector stated that the accident was unique in his wide experience.

## METEORITE IN A COTTAGE

In a great thunderstorm a week or two ago, a meteorite fell through the roof of a cottage at Stonham Aspell, in Suffolk, smashed a chimney stack and the bedroom furniture, and twisted a reaping-hook in a shed.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 10 1925

## October

AMONG the jolly songs which Bowen of Harrow wrote for the boys of Harrow and for all boys is one in praise of October.

October! October!  
March for the dull and sober;  
The suns of May  
For the schoolgirls' play,  
But give to the boys October!

If we add that in these days probably schoolgirls like October as well as their brothers we shall shout the chorus lustily.

October is a jolly month. We are back at school again, and we pretend that we are sorry the holidays are over, but between ourselves are we not rather glad? We are back again with our friends round us, with some new jokes but more old ones; we have our clubs, and plan our new journals, and form our secret societies, and if the night falls quickly there are books to be read, and wireless, and blazing logs on the fire if it is cold. And holidays have made us welcome work again; a dull life it would be with all play and no work.

And with October football begins in earnest. Hockey, too, begins, a most honourable game, but still it will be granted that football is the chief of winter games; and is there anything more thrilling than a desperate fight on the football field when the leaves of autumn are burning round us, and the Sun is sinking: And where's the wealth, I'm wondering, Can buy the cheers that roll When the last charge goes thundering Beneath the twilight goal.

The leaves are ablaze with their red and gold and yellow; the Sun takes a shorter course through the skies; the air has a sharpness in it which July never gives; and in such an hour the football is blown up and we rush to the field. The season is all before us. We hope still to win many games, and, in any case, to make a good fight. We have the season before us like a blank sheet, and slowly it will be filled. Whether it brings victories or defeats, it will be a good season if we put in all we know.

So, with faces looking forward, we turn our backs on holidays and summer days, and greet October with a cheer. In our work we have a new and clean sheet before us. We are in a new form; we begin to handle new books; perhaps a new master is at the desk. Now is the time to put new energy into our work. It is surprising that some of it is so dull to us and not a bit dull to others. What if it is we who are dull? Anyhow, there is a chance now to put in good honest work. We can leave behind any slackness or carelessness, and give the new term all our strength. Therefore, once more all in chorus: *October!*



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## 600 Years Ago

THERE is something odd in this speech of a workman laying tiles on a roof in 1319; it is from an old French record.

When I finally make up my mind to work, I take with me a young mate who knows nothing of the job, but I insist on his being paid the full wage. When on the roof, I lay one tile in the time it should take to lay eight or ten. I ease off and sing a song, then take a siesta between two slopes of the roof. It is then time to knock off for dinner. After that, it is soon supper time, so we leave work. Of course with piecework it is different; I can do as much in one day as in five days by the hour.

Six hundred years have passed away, and we could print this speech in many tongues today.

## A Little Adventure

WE are sometimes moved to ask ourselves whether the lives of ordinary folk are not often more romantic than the lives of the great. Certainly Life, for great and small alike, is full of adventure, and often touched with beauty.

We find in our postbag a letter from the foot of Mont Blanc, where a French girl is resting in her brave and patient search for health. This is what it says:

Our hotel lies at the foot of Mont Blanc. If you take a little funicular ascending the wall of mountains behind us it takes you to a gorgeous panorama towering above Chamonix.

Several people had asked me to go with them, but I preferred to go alone, and it happened to give me a chance to say a word of English, for on the way back a dear old gentleman sat by me and tried to explain something to me in very bad French. I answered in English, and he was so delighted that he continued talking all the way.

He had been round the world, and knew many interesting things about mountains, and he was greatly moved by the sight of all this majesty around us. A little while before I had to go he took a bit of paper, and wrote down a few words, and handed them to me. He had written

*A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.*

Then he shook hands and we parted—for ever. Was that not a lovely little adventure?

Keats was surely right. If the world will learn of him, and love the things of beauty, Life will increase in loveliness, and light and peace and joy will cover the Earth.

## The Traveller at Charing Cross

A LADY at Charing Cross asked a man the way to Praed Street. He happened to be a great traveller, but for once he was puzzled.

"Madam (said he), I can tell you the way to Suva and the Fiji Islands, or the way to Mandalay. I can tell you the shortest way to Uganda, and can give you the times of the trains from the coast. I can tell you the way to Medicine Hat, and Zanzibar, but, alas, I do not know the way to Praed Street."

We are sorry a traveller's knowledge should be so incomplete, but we hope the lady found her way.

## The Prayer of Socrates

I pray Thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within.

## Narrow Escape of Two Birds

OUR friend The Spectator publishes this queer story from a village in Somerset:

We own a Persian cat whom we think more human and intelligent than most of his kind.

One day he ran in at breakfast-time making a purring noise. A tell-tale feather stuck out of his mouth. He was seized, and a tiny wren was taken out of his mouth, with its little heart beating furiously. To our great surprise it hopped and disappeared, apparently none the worse.

The next day our friend came in again. This time his mouth was opened with difficulty, but to our greater surprise out flew a little flycatcher, soaring up to the sky none the worse for its Jonah-like experience.

The letter is signed A Bird Lover, but surely this is a misprint for A Cat Lover?

## Tip-Cat

IT seems that many people are leaving their holidays till October this year. Autumn leaves.

MORE books are stolen today than ever. Perhaps fewer are worth buying.

SIR OLIVER LODGE says we are exploring the universe as a going concern. But we don't know where it is going.



PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW

What a string  
learns when it  
is taut

MOST people now have the motor habit. And make their chauffeurs wear it.

A SPEAKER has described himself as the reddest of the Reds. Simply blushing with modesty.

MR. EPSTEIN thinks Trafalgar Square the worst square in the world. He is more at home in artistic circles.

IN China little boys are considered nicer than girls. But, of course, China is a long way off.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE says Llanystumdwy is engraved on his heart, which explains why he can spell it.

## Politicians Please Note

The International Society for Contemporary Music has been holding its festival in Venice.

In Venice, where the streets are sea and wavelets lap where wheels might be,

The world's musicians met this year. O, statesmen, there's a lesson here! For music, understood by each, Was like some lovely common speech, And beauty set each heart aflame, No matter whence the beauty came. None praised, or blamed, because its home

Was London, Petrograd, or Rome. A different conference, you see, From those where politicians be! For no one talked of brother love And waved the flag of hate above. No wrongs were done—that wars might cease;

No vengeance planned—to further peace.

No! Peace, that great, mishandled word, Was ever felt and never heard.

## In Memory

IT is a long time since the C.N. collected inscriptions on our War Memorials—or Peace Memorials, as we prefer to call them. The Times has now been making a little collection of its own, and we take from these a few not in our own collection.

In the small Midland parish of Hints is an inscription suggested by a working farmer who reads Thucydides, from whom he selected this:

*These men dared beyond their strength; they hazarded beyond their judgment; and in the utmost extremity they were of an unquenchable hope.*

At the foot of a wayside cross at Weeley, in Essex, are the four beautiful words *Pass, friends; all's well;* and on a wreath of stone, a tribute from ex-soldiers, are the words *To our comrades, from those who came back.*

In the little church at Wootton, near Oxford, is the line:

*Great hearts are glad when it is time to give.*

Below the names of the men of the village of Warminster are the words:

*The sacrifice of a good man is acceptable, and the memorial thereof shall never be forgotten.*

A memorial in Hampshire says: *Friends of the dead, in fragrant memory keep*

*Their names, the harvest of whose death you reap;*

*For only with a world more worthy made*

*By us shall their great sacrifice be paid.*

At Douglas, in the Isle of Man, is the following inscription:

*Eternal honour give  
To those who, nobly striving, nobly fell  
That we might live.*

In one of the churches at Peterborough are these two lines:

*True love by life, true love by death,  
is tried:*

*Live thou for England! We for England died.*

These words from the fallen come from Thakeham, in Sussex:

*We lie dead in many lands that you may live here in peace.*

On the memorial at Branscombe, in Devon, are these four lines:

*Sons of this place, of you let it be said  
That you who live are worthy of the dead.*

*These gave their lives that, living, you may reap*

*A nobler harvest ere you fall asleep.*

One of the most moving of all the inscriptions is written by Mr. Kipling, the most famous poet of our time, for the Actors Memorial in Stratford-on-Avon Church, where lies the most famous poet of all time:

*We counterfeited once for your disport  
Men's joys and sorrows, but our day has passed.*

*We pray you pardon all where we fell short,*

*Seeing we were your servants to this last.*

We like to end on that great note, and we will not defile our columns with the unworthy inscription on the Machine Gun Memorial which has been allowed to spoil the loveliness of Hyde Park Corner.



October 10, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

7

## A MIRACLE THAT NEVER WAS

600,000 PEOPLE GO TO A BRIDGE

Remarkable Story of a Pilgrimage in Hungary  
DECEIVING SIMPLE SOULS

To the wise old priest of the village of Nagyszakacsi in Hungary came two mothers bringing with them their little girls, who had a wonderful tale to tell. While they had been playing by the brook they had seen a huge flame shoot up over the wooden bridge, and in the flame was a vision of the Saviour and by His side the Virgin Mary.

The old priest listened with a troubled face. Well he knew the simple faith in which his flock was reared, and the legends of the Church which were told to them so that they might strive to be like the saints and martyrs of old.

### In the Land of Fairies

But he knew, also, how children, who so often live in a land of fairies and marvels that they make for themselves, let their imagination run away with them and sometimes can hardly tell the truth from the reality. So he shook his head and said that visions like this were only vouchsafed to great saints like Saint Teresa or Saint Catherine, and not to little girls, however good; and he bade their mothers forget about it.

But that was far from the idea of the admiring mothers, and the little girls also felt a little hurt that their great adventure should be so little thought of; so, instead of taking the priest's advice, they told all the neighbours. Who can say how a story like this will speak to simple minds? It may be like a spark on the heather, and this story, instead of being disbelieved, was taken up and spread through all south-eastern Hungary like a forest fire.

### A Great Army of Pilgrims

It spread till nothing could stop it. In the last two months six hundred thousand pilgrims have come to the bridge bearing flags and burning candles. The children who said they had seen the vision were stirred by all the excitement to see much more; and miracles of all kinds followed in the wake of the visions. The priest was thrust aside because he would not bless the pilgrimage. He appealed to the Prefect, but, though the Prefect had the bridge destroyed, pilgrims declared that they could see visions in the running brook, and threatened those who said they could not see them.

Neither prefects, police, nor priests could stem the tide of pilgrims, or the daily marvels that were reported beside the bewitched waters. The throngs knelt daily by the brook, and every day more children reported more miracles and more apparitions of the saints. By the broken bridge a church has now been put up, and the faithful declare they will renounce their Mother Church sooner than their fond belief.

### The Hindu Ascetic

How will it all end? Perhaps there will always be a shrine here, and the legend of miracles and visions will persist when it is no longer possible to prove that they never happened. History is full of such zealously held beliefs.

Even in England two centuries ago a bishop wrote a book to prove that the Stuart kings had cured a hundred thousand people of disease by touching them. It is part of the inheritance from man's earliest ancestors, who saw miracles in everything. Sometimes it is called superstition. Sometimes it is stronger than that, as in a case just reported from Allahabad, in British India, where a Hindu ascetic so strongly held the old belief that he could remain in a state of suspended animation that he allowed himself to be buried alive, and was suffocated.

## A ROYAL RANSOM FOR A VULGAR FRACTION

A MOTOR-CAR manufacturer has just found out the costliest thing in the world. It may cost more than a million pounds an inch.

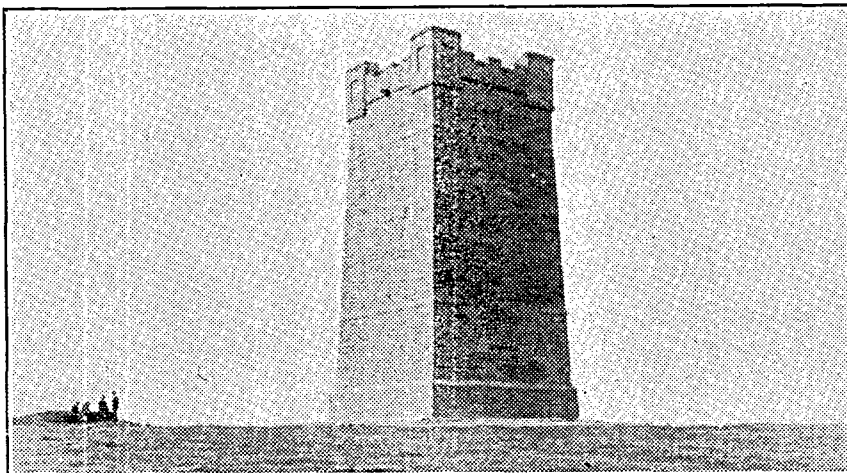
A fraction of an inch was wrong in the measurement of a part of a new motor-car which the manufacturer was about to launch on the world. The part would not fit, and the car would not go till it did. All had to be done over again, and the mistake cost in the end much more than a million pounds in delay and reconstruction.

It could not have happened if there had been only one car, but there were ten thousand, a hundred thousand, perhaps a million cars waiting for the part which was exactly to fit them.

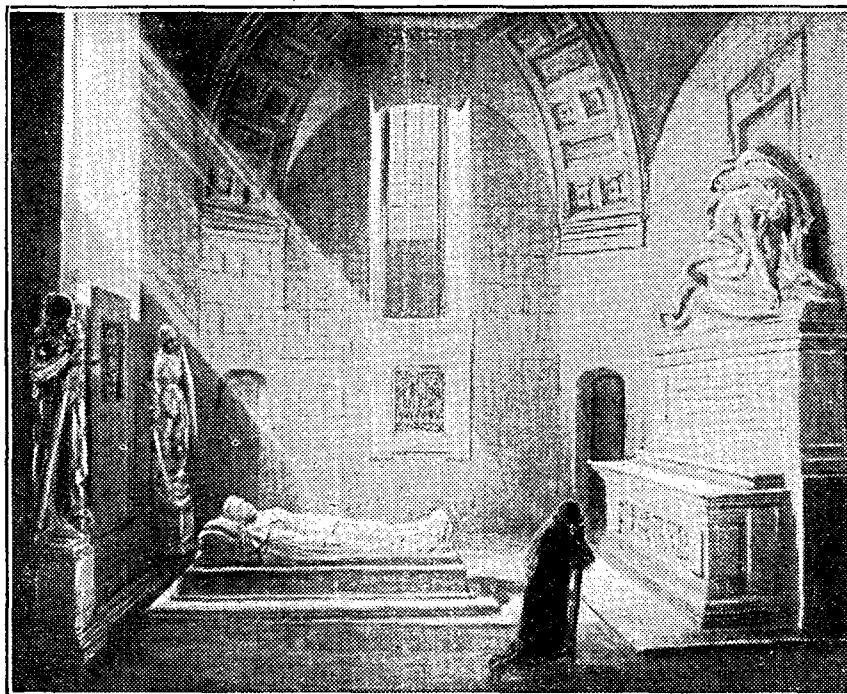
That is what is meant by standardisation, a system which has many great merits, the first of them being that it makes things cheap. It is standardisation which is bringing the motor-car into every home, and making the world run on wheels. Without standardisation even a pin would be dear.

With standardisation the man with a car can smile at breakdowns. He can get the part replaced at once. But the smile would vanish if the part did not fit, and nobody smiled at the works when it was found that a million parts would not fit because some engineer had got a fraction wrong in his arithmetic. It was a vulgar fraction, but it cost a royal ransom.

## THE NATION'S HOMAGE TO KITCHENER



The memorial on Marwick Head, Orkney



The memorial chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral, London

Two memorials to the late Lord Kitchener are nearing completion and are about to be dedicated. One is a tower 48 feet high, erected on an Orkney headland 287 feet above the sea, standing amid the solitudes of the north. The other is a fine memorial chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral, in the very midst of the busiest city in the world

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Daylight saving ended this year on the morning of October 4.

Miss Marie Nevile is to become the first woman mayor of Lincoln.

### Adder in a Cow

An adder has been found in the stomach of a cow in Dorset.

### A Mouse in a Pocket

At a London police station the other day a live mouse jumped out of a man's pocket and ran across the floor.

### A Millionaire Wants to Know

A New York millionaire has advertised in the papers for public advice as to how he should dispose of his millions.

### A Hero at 74

Although he is 74 years old, Mr. Hannant plunged, fully dressed, into a dyke ten feet deep in Norfolk, and saved a little boy from drowning.

A giant turtle, weighing 750 pounds, has been caught off the coast of Brittany.

The firing of the guns in Morocco has been plainly heard at Gibraltar.

### Vicar Paints His Church

The vicar of St. Andrew's, Lambeth, has painted his own church.

### A Long-Lost Pin Found

Lost twelve years ago, a diamond pin has been found in a garden near Burgess Hill, Sussex.

### Cathedral Candlestick Stolen

A silver candlestick has been stolen from the altar of the Harvard Chapel in Southwark Cathedral.

### A Toy Balloon's Long Trip

Sent up at Shardlow, in Derbyshire, a toy balloon was found the following day, still inflated, floating on a mill pond at Strasbourg, in France.

## A NEW VICTORY FOR EINSTEIN

LAST DOUBT REMOVED

How a Cambridge Prediction Came True

### PROFESSOR EDDINGTON'S FEAT

When Professor Einstein put forward his idea of Relativity he suggested three independent means by which astronomers would be able to test the theory.

The first test concerned the bending of rays of light, and amounted to the idea that light has weight. This was brilliantly confirmed by our own Astronomer-Royal and Professor Eddington during the eclipse of the Sun in 1919.

The second test was a small irregularity in the motion of the planet Mercury, and the new theory accounted for this in a remarkable manner.

### A Critical Test

Einstein's third test was a critical one, very difficult to observe. He predicted that the intensely strong gravitation-pull of the Sun would cause a small shift in all the lines in the solar spectrum. Several astronomers set out to find and measure this shift, and the results they obtained were rather doubtful. Finally the weight of opinion was decidedly in favour of the existence of the shift, but those scientists who opposed the Einstein theory of Relativity declared that it must stand or fall by this last test.

Meanwhile Professor Eddington has been engaged at Cambridge Observatory on some wonderful mathematical work, which has told us all a great deal that we did not know before about the life-histories of the stars, and by one of those rare tricks of kindness occasionally played by fortune it has been possible for Dr. Adams, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, not only to confirm one of the troublesome points of Professor Eddington's new theory, but also to confirm, in a most decisive way, the most doubtful of Einstein's three tests, the shift in the spectral lines of a body in a strong "gravitational field."

### A Remarkable Star

This is how it has happened. One of the few stars which would not exactly fit into Professor Eddington's scheme of things is a faint star that revolves round the brilliant Sirius, and is its companion through space. In many ways this faint star is quite one of the most remarkable in the whole heavens. It is a white star of the dwarf class, and a great deal has been found out about it on account of its nearness to Sirius.

Now Professor Eddington predicted that this star would turn out to be quite small (smaller, in fact, than Uranus) and that it would be exceedingly dense, so dense that a given volume of the star would weigh about 53,000 times as much as the same volume of water.

### The Companion of Sirius

No substance on Earth approaches this great figure. Such an enormous density means that, relatively to its size, the companion of Sirius is extraordinarily heavy, and for this reason Professor Eddington suggested that the light from it would show a shift of spectral lines such as Einstein predicted in the case of the Sun, but that the new shift would be over thirty times as great. In that case it should be easily observable in a spectroscope.

And now the news has come that Dr. Adams has observed exactly the shift predicted by Professor Eddington, so removing the last doubt from scientific men's minds as to the truth of Einstein's theory.



## AN OLD SEA DOG THE CABIN HE BUILT AT HAMPSTEAD

Interesting Old Place Coming  
Under the Hammer  
SAILOR SOLD FOR A SLAVE

There is being sold in Hampstead a house that is quite unlike any other in London, probably unlike any other in England. It is called the Admiral's House, and has been long famous.

There are many reasons why we think of this mansion in a friendly way. It has a room like the cabin of a ship, with a bow window the shape of a vessel's stern. It has that magic thing a secret passage, and the story goes that the passage connected the house with a certain place on the Heath, and was used as a refuge by Dick Turpin. It has a "quarter-deck" on the roof, where salutes of guns used to be fired.

### Constable's Pictures

But this quaint dwelling attracted better kinds of people than Dick Turpin. It seemed to become imbued with a personality of its own. Constable painted it several times. One picture, called the Romantic House, is in the National Gallery. The Victoria and Albert Museum has another. We are rejoiced to possess these pictures because we shall never see another house such as this or another painter such as Constable. It is good for the two to be linked in our memory.

If we wanted another link we have it in Sir Gilbert Scott the architect, who lived there some time. Scott was at the head of the Gothic revival of the nineteenth century. As time goes on he will probably be better remembered as the grandfather of Giles Gilbert Scott, the builder of Liverpool Cathedral.

### The Salt of Life

In the meantime, we may well ask, who was the man who made this house so memorable?

He was Admiral Barton, a delightful old sea dog of the eighteenth century. From his early middy days to the pride of the quarter-deck he had known much of the salt and sting of life. He had that quality of character only found in seamen whose homes were the sailing vessels of a forgotten generation, who lived constantly facing death, whose real master was not any king or country, but the sea.

As a captain Barton had more than his share of adventure, it seems to us in this age of machines and ordered life. He fought in many a naval battle, and served under Admiral Keppel. When he was captain of the Litchfield in 1756 he had the delight of capturing a French vessel of about fifty guns—the size of some of the ships in Nelson's fleet.

### The Fighting Téméraire

Two years later he had another kind of experience. His vessel came to grief in a terrible storm on the coast of Barbary, and after a spell of much hardship her brave captain found himself prisoner and carried away by the Moors to slavery. The Government found out about this, and eighteen months later Barton was ransomed and brought home.

There was some public inquiry into the loss of his ship, and then, after being fully acquitted, the old sea dog, all the tougher for his experiences, was appointed to the Téméraire, which had such a famous fight, years afterwards, at the Battle of Trafalgar.

What a stirring tale the story of this man's life would have been had he been inclined to write it! But he was handier with a gun than a pen, and could not forget the old days. We can quite imagine him living out his last years at this house at Hampstead, and the fierce joy he must have taken in firing salutes from the quarter-deck on his roof!

## THE WAY TO STOP WAR

New Proposal by France  
A WORLD CONFERENCE TO GET  
TRADE STRAIGHT

Most wars in the past have been caused by the supposed needs of the trade and industry of rival countries, of raw material for their manufactures, of land where their emigrants may win a livelihood for themselves.

That is why the French Government has proposed to the League of Nations that a World Conference should be held "to examine the economic difficulties which stand in the way of the restoration of general prosperity."

The resolution was moved by M. Loucheur, one of France's greatest captains of industry. He pointed to the work the League has done for Austria and Hungary as an example of what it might do for the whole world.

No doubt he had the coal trade in mind as an example. If the nations could divide up the work of supplying the world with coal so that each coal-exporting country sent out its agreed share, much heart-burning among coal-owners and much distress among miners might be avoided. The payment of Reparations in coal has turned the whole world coal market upside down.

Such a regulation of world trade, if left entirely to private enterprise might not be altogether satisfactory. But the League has, in the International Labour Office, an organisation which could carry out any plan that involved international cooperation.

## THE FIRST JAPANESE BISHOP

A Talk About His People

The first Japanese to become a Protestant Bishop has been visiting England. He is Dr. J. S. Motoda, Bishop of Tokio.

Dr. Motoda does not wear the black gaiters and apron of an English bishop, but his rank is indicated by black braid on his cuffs.

On his arrival in London he told a C.N. representative, among other things, that young people under twenty in Japan are not allowed to smoke, and it is likely that a law will soon be passed making it equally illegal to use alcohol.

Before he became a clergyman Dr. Motoda was a schoolmaster, and, like his friend Dr. Nitobe, one of the three assistant secretaries of the League of Nations, he is interested in all educational work. He believes that, with the exception of Scandinavia, elementary education is better in Japan than in any other country.

## YOUNG MAN OF 99

Crimean Veteran's Confession

General Higginson has this summer been staying at a hotel on the Hove front, and it was his habit to walk to the West Pier and back, a distance of two miles, every morning.

It was not a bad achievement for a Crimean veteran of 99, who saw the old Houses of Parliament burning in 1834, but the other day the general made a doleful confession of weakness to a friend.

"I got as far as the pier," he said, "and began to walk back, when I felt tired all of a sudden. And so I had to do what I have never done in my life before; I had to take a bath chair."

How many of us, if we reached the age of 99, would complain at not being able to finish a two-mile walk? But General Higginson looks 70 rather than a hundred.

## FROM WHITE HOUSE TO LOG CABIN

Ex-President on His Farm  
GENERAL OBREGON GROWING  
CORN

By One Who Knows Him

General Obregon, who retired from the whirl of Mexican political life last year, is now a peaceful and prosperous farmer in the State of Sonora.

There, in the district of Cajeme, the ex-President of the Republic has two large farms or estates with a fine triple-pump irrigation plant capable of delivering two and a half million gallons of water an hour from the River Yaqui.

Five hundred acres a day are being sown with a variety of crops, principally wheat, beans, maize, and rice. They are expected to yield a harvest of about 400,000 bushels or some 10,000 tons.

### The Sword and the Ploughshare

In Sonora, as in many other parts of Mexico, it is possible to raise more than one crop a year, and General Obregon will also sow many market-garden products such as green peas, melons, and so on.

General Obregon has promised that five per cent of his profits will be applied toward the betterment of the conditions of his workers and their families, for whom he will build a day-school for children and a night-school for grown-ups, a colony of comfortable houses, a swimming-bath, a laundry, a library, and so on.

Though the ex-President is peaceably inclined, having turned his sword into a ploughshare, he is ready, should his country need him, to throw prosperity to the winds and beat his ploughshare into a sword once more.

## RED, WHITE, AND BLUE TRAINS

The Railway as a Shop Window

Before very long some of us may be surprised to see trains painted red, white, and blue running on our railways.

A big scheme is on foot to run an exhibition train, to demonstrate the merits of British-made goods, on each of the four great railway systems. Special trains have been built, and will probably start about the middle of November to tour Britain for a year.

Each train will consist of three carriages fifty feet long, with room enough for the goods of a hundred exhibitors between them. On the outside there will be panels for advertisements, so that the trains will have a bright appearance; we hope, at any rate, that the advertisements will be bright and good, after the splendid style of the railway advertising of these days.

## OLD KING COAL

In the Haunts of Robin Hood

New villages are rapidly springing up in Nottinghamshire around coal pits which are being sunk in the haunts of Robin Hood and his Merrie Men.

The names of some of the villages are Bircotes, Langold, and Rhodesia. It seems a great pity to use the name Rhodesia, which must lead eventually to much confusion.

At Ollerton, where is the world-famed Beech Avenue, coal has been reached at one shaft, and a second shaft is expected to reach the coal in a few weeks. A pit is also being sunk at Edwinstowe, and it is stated that the yearly output of this seam will be over a million tons.

## THE LEAGUE AND THE SLAVES

GREAT EFFORT TO SET  
THEM FREE

Slave-Dealers to be Treated  
as Pirates on the Seas

A BLOT ON CIVILISATION

As we have pointed out on more than one occasion, slavery of men, women, and children still exists in many places, and the League of Nations is determined to drive this evil from the face of the Earth. One of the ways in which it proposes to do this is to treat all people carrying slaves in ships as if they were pirates.

This proposition is one of the articles of an agreement which the British Government suggests shall be signed and put into practice by all States, and which, when it is finally adopted, is to be offered for signature to every country in the world.

### The Suspected Ships

A League committee of experts has been at work on the whole question, and has found that slavery is recognised by law only in some of the Eastern and Mohammedan States, and in one of these, Nepal, we know that all slaves are being set free by order of the Maharajah.

In the Arabian Peninsula, especially the Hedjaz, the slave trade, with all its horrors, is practised openly. Negroes captured in Africa are imported and sold in Arabia, and, though British, French, and Italian warships patrol the Red Sea and the African Coast and make the business as difficult as they can, they are not able to stop it. Their power would be far greater and their action more effective if, by international agreement, they were allowed to pursue and capture suspected ships.

### An Evil Trade

Another distressing fact which has come to light is that pilgrimages to Mecca are often used as cloaks to hide an iniquitous trade. Pilgrims bring with them wives and children or servants, and sell them on the way in the slave markets.

In some countries there are actually dealers who procure children in order to sell them into houses where there are none, so that they become household drudges, forgetting their own language and being nothing more than slaves. Other countries have customs by which a person who cannot pay his debts offers himself in payment, and it often happens that an unscrupulous creditor manages to get such persons more and more into debt and so enslaves them for life.

These facts and others show the pressing need of a determination among all countries to stamp out slavery in every form, and the League is working earnestly to accomplish it.

## FISHES HALF A MILE DOWN

And a Wonderful Pool

Extraordinary little fishes, the length of a finger, are found in certain artesian wells in Queensland, over 2000 feet down in the Earth.

The study of these wonderful creatures is one of the objects of a research expedition now on its way into central Australia. Another remarkable thing to be studied by the expedition is the Mill Stream of Western Australia.

This mysterious stream comes suddenly out of the limestone and forms a pool; then it runs as a river for four miles, when it disappears as suddenly in another pool. Forty million gallons of water thus come daily from the Earth at one spot and return into the Earth at the other.



## BLIND CONQUERORS

### THEIR REMARKABLE FEATS IN MUSIC

#### Adapting the Braille System to Sound

#### CENTENARY CELEBRATION

By Our Paris Correspondent

An interesting congress in Paris has just celebrated the centenary of the Braille system of writing for the blind. The blind have honoured the memory of their Gutenberg.

But this congress not only celebrated a thanksgiving; it also consecrated a great plan, the foundation of a national institute for training music teachers from among the blind.

Most of us know that one of the first conquests achieved by the blind was that of music, which plays such an important part in their lives. As Nature tends to distribute evenly all unused forces, the loss of one of our five senses leads always to the sharpening of the other four.

#### Touch and Hearing

In the blind this usually takes the form of a marvellous development of touch and hearing, a development unguessed by those who see. When we wish to listen for a very slight tremor in the air we instinctively shut our eyes.

That is why so many unfortunate sufferers from blindness quite naturally devote themselves to a musical career and become organists, pianists, or piano-tuners.

But, if blindness is not an irremediable handicap in music, why should it be so in teaching? Bold as the idea may seem, it does not appear impossible to those who know what feats can be achieved by the blind in establishing contact with the world around them by means of Braille, the raised letters they feel with their fingers. Those characters can be translated into music as well as into words, and today they allow a blind man to read a new piece of music as we would read a book.

#### The Raised Dots

Yet, though this can be done, this is where the Braille notation is faced with a great difficulty. Think of the extreme intricacy of even ordinary musical script. In a single bar we may have fifty notes, bristling with sharps, flats, and naturals, with accentuations, and other points. All these characters, already so complicated, are expressed in Braille in a still more difficult way. In a normal score each note is represented by a single point, but for a blind musician this point is replaced by a group of three, four, five, or even six raised dots. In a normal score we have the stave, but as the stave cannot exist in embossed musical script, each note must bear with it its octave mark, and sometimes other marks.

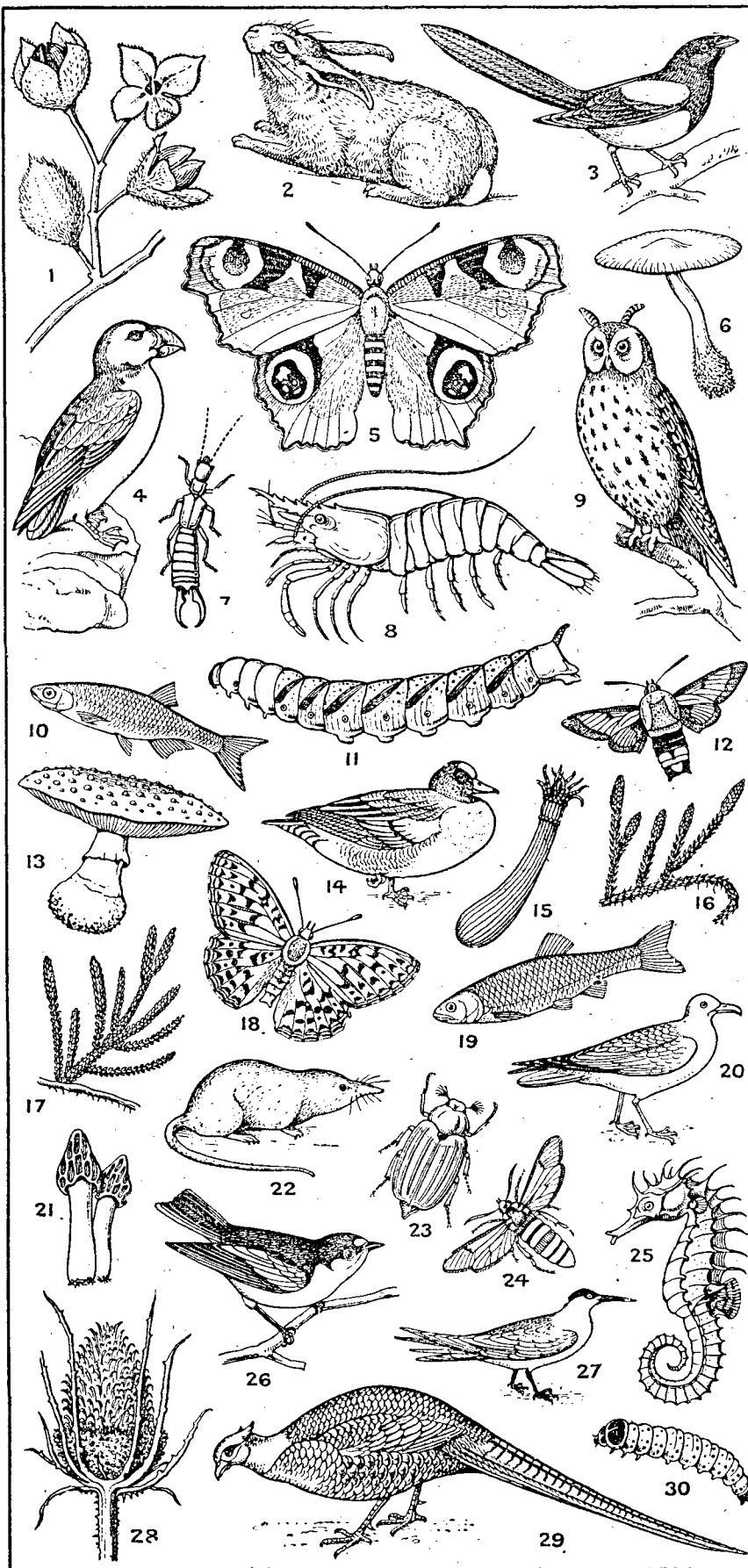
#### A Great Mental Feat

But there is still another problem. It is not possible in embossed Braille script to arrange the notes in the same way as in normal script. The space taken up by this dotting system is so considerable that it is necessary to adopt an elaborate plan. The copyist first of all engraves two, four, and six, or eight bars of the right hand, and immediately afterwards the corresponding bars of the left hand.

Then it is that the blind musician must perform the colossal task of mentally playing together the two fragments he has noted separately. Such a feat surpasses ordinary imagination, especially when we think of the intricacy and richness of modern musical composition; yet this feat, which so many blind musicians can achieve, raises hopes of greater results still, and the foundation of an Institute for bringing together this prodigious sum of human effort is destined to offer still more chances of success to the blind conquerors of hard fate.

## £100 FOR C.N. READERS

### Common Objects of the Countryside



HERE are 30 common objects of the countryside and seashore, and to the C.N. reader who names most of these correctly the Editor will give an award of £50. A second prize of £5 will be given for the next best list, and for those next in order of merit 20 prizes of £1 and 50 prizes of 10s.

Take a sheet of paper and write down, one below the other, the numbers 1 to 30. Then against each number write what you think the object is. Give the ordinary familiar English names, not the Latin scientific names, thus: 1. Beech nuts. Be specific; thus if the sedge warbler were pictured the correct solution would be sedge warbler and not warbler. Of course no attempt has been made to draw the objects to a uniform scale of size.

When you have made your list as complete as possible, fill in the coupon below, pin it to

your list, and post to C.N. Natural History Examination, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, to arrive by October 21.

More than one set may be sent in, but each list must be complete in itself and have a separate coupon pinned to it.

No lists can be returned, no correspondence entered into, and the Editor's decision is final. The result will be published in the C.N. as soon as possible. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete in the examination.

I agree to accept the C.N. Editor's decision as final.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

## THE GIANT CONSTELLATION

### AND ITS WONDERFUL BLAZING STAR

Where to Look for the Whale in the Sky

#### A COLOSSAL FLARE-UP

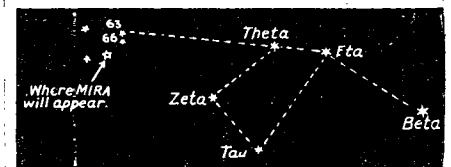
By the C.N. Astronomer

Cetus the Whale, the greatest of the constellations, may now be seen in the south-eastern sky.

It is low down toward the horizon about 8 p.m., but it rises higher as the evening advances, being due south about midnight.

It is of particular interest just now, and will be for the next two months, on account of the coming blaze-up of its marvellous star Omicron in Cetus, popularly known as Mira, which means wonderful.

The geometric arrangement of most of the brightest stars of Cetus can be easily made out from our star map, though this has to be on a very small



Where to look for Mira

scale; actually Cetus is very much larger than the familiar Plough.

The brightest star of this celestial Whale is Beta. It is of the second magnitude, and may easily be found by drawing an imaginary line from Alpherat to Gamma, the two stars on the left side of the Great Square of Pegasus, and continuing it straight on for nearly three times the distance until a star of about the same brightness is seen a little to the left and rather low down toward the horizon.

This is Beta, a superb sun, whose dimensions may be inferred from the fact that it radiates at least thirty times the light of our Sun, its light taking, according to the latest trigonometrical measurements, 52 years to reach us.

To the left of Beta and at a higher altitude will be seen four stars of similar brightness. These are shown on the star map. If an imaginary line be drawn from Eta to Theta, and continued straight on to the left for about three times the distance, it will come to the two small stars 63 and 66. They are about the Moon's width apart, and between fifth and sixth magnitude, so they are only just perceptible.

It is to the left of and below these, about three times the Moon's diameter away, that Mira will appear, so a close watch should begin from now, if we wish to see the first naked-eye glimmers of this colossal flare-up.

It is not anticipated that Mira will reach maximum brightness till between the middle and the end of November; then it may be as bright as the brightest of the stars of the Plough, or possibly not quite so bright, as it varies considerably, but the flare-up never fails to take place.

#### Fading Out of Sight

Between 320 and 330 days intervene between the culmination of one outburst and the next. In the interim Mira fades out of sight and becomes a faint star of between ninth and tenth magnitude, remaining so for a month to six weeks. This was its condition during July and August, when it was only perceptible in a powerful telescope. Since then Mira has been increasing in brilliancy, and during the next few days should begin to be perceptible to the naked eye, and about as bright as the faint stars in its vicinity—shown on the star map.

During the next six weeks its light will increase many hundreds of times, so we may be thankful that our world is not in its vicinity. We shall have more to say about this event next week. G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the evening Venus in the west, Jupiter south-west, Uranus south-east.



# BIG SCHOOL CALLING

Garry Sees it Through \* Told by Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 1

### Garry on Ghosts

It was plain from the preparations in B classroom that something was going to take place this evening in the School House.

There are other Houses at Eastborough, as everyone knows. There is Martyn's House, and the Red House, which dates from Queen Bess—for Eastborough began its life as a Grammar School and was refounded by Elizabeth in 1559—and the Gate House, overhung with that ancient creeper from which the birds twitter without resting through the June mornings, and Grenville, the House nearly hidden from the avenue by the elms, above whose topmost branches there rise to the sky the two majestic towers which crown the Old Library, and provide, as you climb the hill, your first view of the School.

And there is Drake House, that squat one on the marge of the playing fields; and Frobisher's, that looks down upon the swimming bath; but of all these several members which form the whole body and vie one with the other to advance the honour of all, the School House, which is built above the long cloisters (so cool these are in summer; in winter so dark), with a noble archway that gives direct on Old Quad, does claim, no doubt because its numbers are greater, the longest roll of famous names among Eastborough Old Boys. And the School House is strenuous to maintain pride of place.

Something afoot this evening for sure in the School House.

The summer holidays had just come and gone; a new term and a new School year had ushered in their changes; old faces were missing, mighty men had departed; people who were nobodies this time last year were sporting prefects' badges on their caps, might wear their trousers turned up at the ankles, had studies of their own, and could sit up till ten.

Trepidant "new kids," queer little fish in strange waters, were learning how to keep their hands out of their pockets, to avoid the grass in Big Quad, and to bear themselves modestly. Too new to fag yet: for this they must wait till next term; too raw yet to have learned anything of their great School except their own places in Chapel and Hall and class, but not too new to muster this evening in the School House, by invitation; yet woe be to them if they fail.

For this evening is to witness the first night of a new session of the Lower Debating Society. And tradition, austere mistress, strictly demands that on this occasion new boys be present. Observe them, then, shy newcomers from every House, clustered in the corridor outside B classroom, until the Society, having finished its "private business," shall open its doors and bid them file reverently in.

Eastborough's Lower School Debating Society is modelled on, but by no means to be confounded with, the Debating Society of the School itself, known briefly as The Society by Eastborough men. How many who have since made their mark as statesmen, how many whose eloquence has carried them far in the Law, or earned them those high honours which the Church can bestow, look back to The Society at Eastborough, and thank it for teaching them how to put their thoughts into words and how to utter those words aloud without fright of their audience!

Herded together upon the benches assigned to them, the new kids gazed with awe on this assembly. They stared at the Chairman in his throne at the end of the room. They stared at the Secretary, bending over his desk with his Minute Books. They stared at the crowded forms, but dropped their

eyes quickly as scrutinising glances answered their own. There was a hum of voices, a rustle of papers, some smothered laughter and excited ejaculations, till all was stilled by three sharp raps with a mallet, and Paull of Martyn's, the Chairman, rose to his feet.

"The motion before the House tonight," he pronounced, "is That This House Believes in Ghosts. It is proposed by Garry of the School House"—a burst of loud clapping—"and opposed by Dixon of Grenville. I call upon Garry."

On which the Chairman sat down again, the Secretary called sharply for order, and from the end of a bench beside the hot-water pipes there rose and faced the assembly the champion of ghosts.

A ghost, one understands, is a pallid thing, a shadowy creature such as might be knocked down by a feather. So, to be in keeping, their advocate should have been frail, perhaps, should have been a wisp of a person, dreamy and fragile. But unquestionably you would have needed a great many feathers to knock Garry of the Fourth Form off his square balance, so sturdily was he built.

He had no good looks to speak of. His chin was pugnacious, yet pleasantly pugnacious when you looked twice; unruly hair surmounted a face slightly freckled. He turned on the Chairman a pair of steady brown eyes, and while he was speaking a little smile played round his lips. He began by declaring that although he had never seen a ghost he would quite as soon see one every night for a week as confront the task of proposing this hardy annual. For year after year, he reminded them, the attempt was made to pin the House to a settled belief in ghosts, but had never in his recollection succeeded.

"Mr. Chairman," he continued, "what sort of ghosts am I asking this House to believe in? Not the ghosts that walk about and clank chains. Not the ghosts that play tambourines and write messages. In all my fifteen years"—he gave a broad grin—"I have never heard of a ghost that did anything useful, such as giving a fellow a hand with his Prep—"

"Hear! Hear! Hear!" piped a squeaky but fervent voice.

It issued from Gigshott Minor who, with his friend Button, specialised in applause in and out of season.

"Or writing his impots for him, or anything of that sort. If ghosts did that I would ask this House to believe in them. But there's another sort of ghosts that we've got to believe in. Mr. Chairman, I mean the ghosts not of people, but of things—"

Dixon jumped to his feet and appealed to the Chair.

"Mr. Chairman," he cried, "I ask you, is this in order? Things can't have ghosts. The motion means ghosts of people."

But did it? Paull pursed his protruding lips and looked very knowing, but consulted the Secretary before giving his ruling.

"I think," he decreed, "that the Honourable Proposer must be permitted to develop his subject in his own fashion."

Thanking the Chairman, Garry consulted his notes.

"Things," he went on, "do have ghosts, sort of, as I'll try to show you all. Take Eastborough. We believe in Eastborough not only because of what Eastborough is at this minute, but because of all that Eastborough has been."

Up jumped Dixon again.

"Mr. Chairman," he protested, "is the Honourable Proposer trying to make out that the School is a ghost?"

Amid the laughter, the Chairman replied, "I don't know."

"Yes," answered Garry stoutly, "that's what I mean; and that's the sort of ghost I ask this House to believe in. The big things the School has done, they're still alive, aren't they? When some fellows look at the Honours Boards in Big School it makes them feel sort of bucked up, doesn't it? That's what I mean."

"Hear! Hear!" piped Gigshott, who had never glanced at those Honours Boards.

Garry grinned again; perhaps to conceal some embarrassment.

"Mr. Chairman," he went on, "we are all of us—er—looking forward to—er—getting into the Upper School when our time comes. We want to get our cricket and Rugger colours, or to shoot in the School Eight, or play in the racquets pair. The Honourable Opposer says that that has nothing to do with ghosts—"

"Hear! Hear! Hear!" chimed Button, egged on by Gigshott's sharp elbow in his ribs.

"But I say it has," went on Garry, "though I can't quite explain it. A ghost is something

the Honourable Proposer, being an ingenious sort of person and knowing himself unable to argue for ghosts, has rather cleverly drawn a red herring across the track. Eastborough's all right and can look after herself, but there aren't such things as ghosts and there never have been. When a rat runs across a wire—"

"Hear! Hear!" Gigshott threw in most piercingly.

"—it's easy enough," frowned Dixon, "to sham it's a ghost; but the Honourable Proposer would have to talk a fat lot before he could persuade sensible people that it was. My aunt once swore that she'd travelled with a ghost in a train and she hadn't a ticket. I mean she swore the ghost pinched it; so when she hid under the seat—my aunt, that is, not the ghost—the guard hauled her out, and she had to pay double fare, and I say that's plain proof that ghosts don't exist."

Dixon rammed this home with a thump on the table.

"And so, Mr. Chairman," he ended, "as the Honourable Proposer has given me no case to

Three eager souls popped up in their places at once. The Chairman gave them a glance and selected the nearest.

"I call," he pronounced, "upon Tadworth."

"Good old Soppo!" exclaimed a voice in the background.

Tadworth, an ungainly youth with a slovenly, bad-tempered mouth, turned to bestow a scowl in the voice's direction, then thrust one hand into his trousers pocket and, grasping the lapel of his coat with the other, levelled a rather pitying look on Garry.

A personage of renown in the Lower School, and a debater second to none, in his own estimation, he proceeded in a hoarse and aggressive voice to demonstrate that only imbeciles could believe in ghosts, whether ghosts of people or—he paused impressively—ghosts of things.

"What's past is past, Mr. Chairman," he added sourly. "And all the Honourable Proposer's arguments about the School, his pretence that its Present is helped by its Past, sound pretty enough, but don't mean anything in fact. Is tradition a ghost?" He laughed his loud laugh. "Well, if it is, it's a nuisance. That's all I can say for it."

"Why do we have to fag? Because of tradition. If there never had been fags there would be no fags now. Why mayn't we wear coloured ties? Because of tradition! Why can nobody but the Sixth sport a fancy waistcoat? Because of tradition again! So I meet the Proposer of this motion on his own ground, and contend that we should believe in no kinds of ghosts."

With a satisfied grunt he subsided into his place, and was followed by the two who had given way to him. When they had finished, and both had a lot to say, the Chairman rapped again and scanned the assembly.

"Following the rule of the first debate of a new session," he announced, "I shall now nominate some member to address the House who has never yet spoken at our meetings."

There was ducking and dodging to hide behind one another by members who had no desire to shine. But, believing themselves to be in imminent danger, and convinced that attack was the surest form of defence, Button and Gigshott Minor practised other tactics. Right and left they discharged a volley of piercing "Hear! Hears!"

The Chairman's eye lighted upon them; it wavered, and passed, to settle on a youth of a fair complexion and gentle, timid features who sat shyly apart.

"I call," said the Chairman, "on Feddon."

The member thus signalled out gave a start of alarm and his pale face flushed to the temples, then went very white. He did not rise, but shook his head nervously.

In firmer tones the Chairman named him again.

But Feddon dropped his eyes and remained without movement.

"I call," the Chairman said for the third time, "on Feddon."

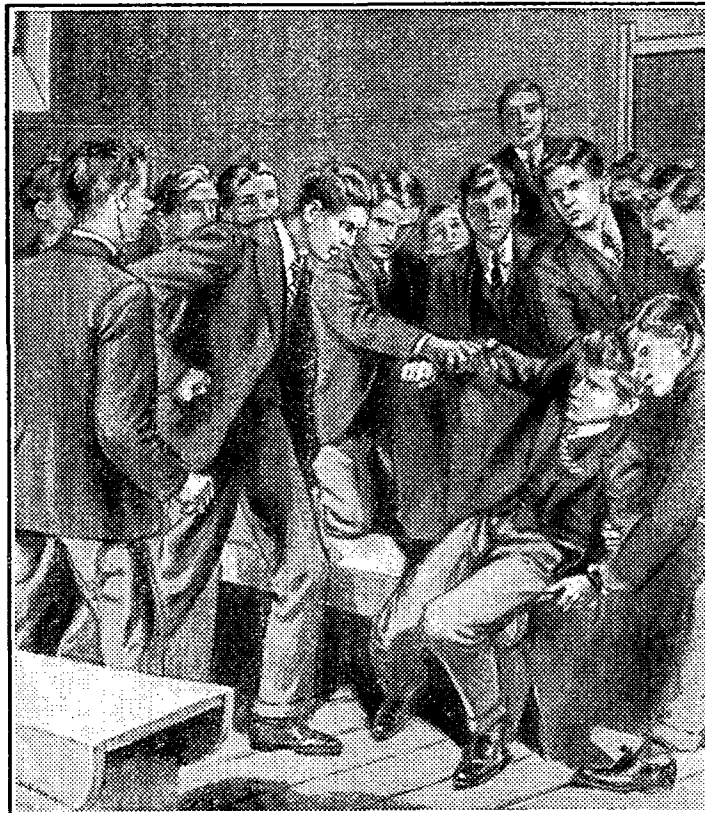
The room waited in a dazed silence.

All were staring in amazement at the cowering figure defying the Chair. None of them could remember a previous occasion when the Chairman, whose word was law, had been so defied. And when, instead of jumping up and gabbling a few words of any kind, the frightened creature clung desperately to his seat, the silence was shattered by a storm of shouts and demands.

Hands plucked at his collar, to force him to rise; a few appeals for order were drowned in the hubbub, till Soppo Tadworth, flinging himself from his place and elbowing aside those who tried to restrain him, rushed forward and for the moment dominated the room.

He sprang toward Feddon.

"Throw him out!" he cried fiercely.



"Throw him out!" he cried fiercely

that comes back out of the past, and all the great things that Eastborough fellows have done still cling round Eastborough and come back to us out of the past, and sort of—er—make us keener. And those are the ghosts that I move that this House does believe in."

He stopped abruptly. He had been neither eloquent nor precise, but he had found, at any rate, a new way to treat an old subject.

Its novelty staggered his audience, who had naturally been expecting to hear the case for proper ghosts roundly expounded, and to be regaled with narratives of groaning spectres in white, and of apparitions prowling around with their heads in their hands. So as he sat down the applause was only half-hearted.

"I call," said the Chairman, "upon the Honourable Opposer."

## CHAPTER 2

### "Throw Him Out!"

A sort job for Dixon. He had nothing, he argued, to answer. The Honourable Proposer had run right away from his subject. It was clear that he couldn't make out a case for ghosts, so instead he had ingeniously tried to mislead the House by talking a lot of piffle—

"Order! Order!" came in stern tones from the Chair.

Dixon assented graciously.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I withdraw that unparliamentary expression piffle. But I maintain that

answer, for Honours Boards are only wood and gold paint, I shall not take up the House's time any longer, but will call upon it to declare by its vote that it doesn't believe in ghosts."

To judge by the loud clapping as he sat down the harassing misadventure of Dixon's aunt must have shattered any lingering belief in spectres. When silence returned the Chairman rose and, rapping the table again, declared the Motion open for general discussion.

The floor was taken by a youth with a red, flurried face who made one or two remarks which nobody caught, and then, after a desperate search for his sheet of notes, resumed his seat amid the wildest applause.

Snipple rose next. His features were somewhat vacuous, and he would have managed better had he used his handkerchief more. For Snipple was troubled by a perpetual cold, or so it always appeared from his habit of snuffling. He informed them in earnest tones that he kept a diary, and, when bidden by the Chair to confine himself to the Motion, he explained that anybody who kept a diary was far too stout a fellow to go in for ghosts. But if chaps really liked to go in for ghosts, he didn't see himself what there was to prevent them. He once knew a haunted green-grocer who kept a tortoise—

Here, unhappily, the orator's snuffle grew worse, and a remorseless hand pulled him down by the coat-tails.

TO BE CONTINUED



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The Children's Newspaper

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# The Beech Leaves Rustle in the Wind



## Dr MERRYMAN

"DID you not fear burglars while you were staying at that boarding-house?"

"No. You see, I was sleeping in a burglar-proof room."

"How was it burglar-proof?"

"It was so small that a second person could not possibly have got into it."

### Curtailed Word

I'M but a little letter, still  
Have various duties to fulfil;  
But if you take  
My tail you make  
An alteration in my lot;  
You'll say I'm shorter, but I'm not.

Answer next week

WHAT is the difference between an oak tree and a tight boot?

One makes acorns and the other makes corns ache.

### Cheerful Either Way

AN old lady on board a river steamer began to get rather nervous. Finally she remarked to a steward: "I say, my good man, is this boat going up or down?"

"Well," replied the man, "she's a leaky old tub, ma'am, so I shouldn't wonder if she was going down. Then, again, her boilers ain't none too good, and she might go up."

### Do You Live at Stafford?

THE meaning of this place-name is the ford which needs a staff, probably because the water at the place of crossing on the River Sow, where the county town stands, was deep, or the current was strong.

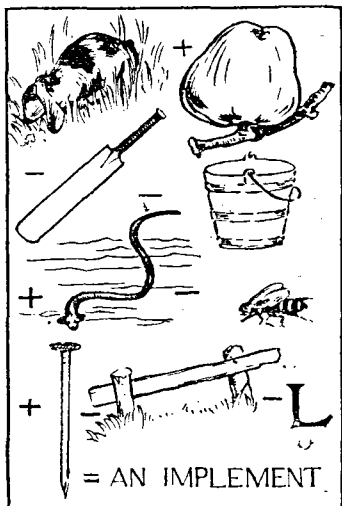
### How to Cut Down Prices

A CERTAIN French humorist who lived at Versailles happened to miss the last train. To spend the night in his Paris flat, where everything was packed up for the summer, was not to be thought of, so the much-belated humorist hailed a taxi, and said: "How much to Versailles, my friend?"

"Forty francs, sir," answered the man.

"Forty francs? It is a great sum. Suppose I take your place. Step in and I will drive you there for twenty."

### Alphabetical Arithmetic



When the letters of the words represented by these pictures have been added and subtracted the remaining letters will spell the name of an implement most of us use every day. Can you find out what it is?

Solution next week

WHAT is the difference between a thin coat in cold weather and a tooth that has been extracted?

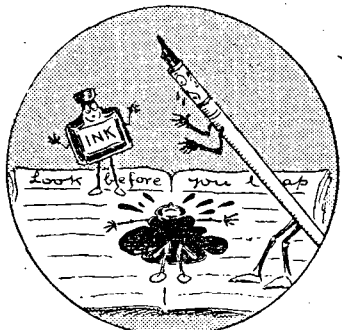
One is too thin and the other is tooth out.

### Winter Quarters

SCREAMED a gull off Southend, gliding low,  
"The Embankment's the best place I know.

There is plenty of bread there,  
And sea birds get fed there,  
So once more up to London I'll go."

### Come-Alive Characters



### The Fall of a Blot

"ANOTHER mess!" exclaimed the Ink.

"Poor reckless Blot!" Pen wept.  
"The copy warned him, but he failed

To look before he leapt!"

### How Much It Would Cost

IT was after a magnificent classical performance in the Roman theatre at Orange, in the South of France. The actors had surpassed themselves. There was a frenzy of enthusiasm among the audience.

After the performance was over, an American millionaire asked the manager how much it would cost to give the spectacle in America.

The manager glanced at the old walls and, with a whimsical smile, replied:

"About two thousand years."

### A Geographical Letter

CAN you read this letter? The words in italics indicate names in the atlas.

Dear *mountain near ancient Troy*.

The weather here is *ricer* in *Minnesota* and sometimes *river* in *Victoria*. We are, however, in *cape* in *South Africa* of it becoming more *southernmost cape* of *Ireland*. Our food here consists largely of *French town on the Somme*, which is rather *lake* in *Utah*, and *cakes* of *part* of the *West African coast*. We seldom get *island off South-West Africa*, *island off Co. Clare*, or *cape* in *Co. Cork*, which have to be brought from town by *lake* in *Turkey*. All the same, we are quite *village* in *Griqualand*.

*Cape* in *Greenland*.

*British Guiana's chief town*.

Solution next week

WHY is the eye like a very severe schoolmaster?

Because he always has a pupil under the lash.

### The Peas in the Shoes

SOME sailors in a shipwreck made a vow that if they were saved they would go on a pilgrimage with split peas in their shoes.

They were saved, and carried out their vow with much discomfort. Only one of them walked quite gaily.

"Ah," said the others, enraged, "you did not put the peas in your shoes!"

"Yes, I did," said he, "but I had them boiled first."

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Puzzle Letters

X Y D, Exe, Wye, Dee; L E G, elegy;  
N R G, energy; U X L, you excel.

What Am I? An egg.

## Jacko Picks the Apples

JACKO was very annoyed when he heard that all the apples were going to be picked. He knew there would be no chance of getting at them once Mrs. Jacko had them safely locked up in her storeroom.

Still, as he said, you couldn't have everything, and, after all, the picking would be great fun.

When the day came Mr. Jacko put a ladder against one of the trees and went up it so slowly and gingerly that Jacko thought they would be at it all night.

"Better let me have a go," he sang out. "I'd nip up there in no time."

Mr. Jacko didn't like his remarks at all. He was just going to reply angrily when he lost his balance and fell off the ladder; and by the time he had picked himself up he felt perhaps it might be better to take Jacko's advice.

Jacko was up the ladder in a twinkling. In fact, he went so high up that the others lost sight of him. But there was a huge rustling in the upper branches and soon a whole shower of apples came down.

"Stop it!" yelled Mr. Jacko, who had had a big one on his head. "You'll spoil all the apples!"

Of course, Jacko went on shaking the branches. He loved seeing everybody below scuttling away, and, besides, he thought



A whole shower of apples came down

any apples that fell to the ground would be what he called windfalls, and left for him to eat.

But at last Mr. Jacko, who had rushed indoors for an umbrella for protection, began shaking the ladder, and made things so uncomfortable that Jacko was obliged to come down.

And Mr. Jacko really was very angry. He had hurt his funny-bone when he fell off the ladder, and the apple that dropped on his head had raised a big lump. Altogether he was not at all pleased with life, and he gave Jacko a good hiding with the umbrella and told him to make himself scarce.

Jacko didn't mind making himself scarce, but he *did* mind not having any apples to eat. And when he saw Mrs. Jacko giving baskets full of them away to her friends he was furious.

One afternoon she went off to have tea with the Mayoress, and took another big basket of apples with her. All the other ladies at the tea-party crowded round to look at the apples when the Mayoress tore the paper off the top of the basket.

"What beautiful apples!" they began. And then they all stopped. The basket was full of stones!

Mrs. Jacko fell back in her chair with a shriek. "It's that wretched boy!" she exclaimed. "Just wait till I get home!"

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### Fabre's First Spelling Book

When little Jean Henri Fabre sat in his village school, and was hardly bigger than a baby, he found, on the back of his penny spelling book, a crude picture of a pigeon, which interested him more than the A B C.

Its round eye seemed to smile up at the little lad; its wing, of which Jean counted the feathers one by one, told of flights on high. He was a fine fellow, that pigeon friend, and already the fount of curiosity and love that was to lead to patient and successful research was rising in the child's being. All the world knows Fabre's books on insects.

### Le Premier Abécédaire de Fabre

Quand le petit Jean Henri Fabre était à l'école de son village, guère plus grand qu'un bébé, il découvrit, sur la couverture de son abécédaire de deux sous, l'image grossière d'un pigeon, qui l'intéressa bien plus que son A B C.

Son œil rond semblait sourire au garçonnet; son aile, dont Jean comptait les plumes une à une, évoquait des vols dans les airs. C'était un beau gaillard que ce pigeon, et déjà surgissait dans l'esprit de l'enfant cette source de curiosité et d'amour qui devait le conduire à des recherches patientes et fructueuses. Tout le monde connaît les livres de Fabre sur les insectes.

### Tales Before Bedtime

## Milly Forgets

MILLY had a very bad memory.

"I don't believe you *listen*," her school teacher would say, when Milly forgot something which she had been told only just before.

And Milly would say she *had* listened, and that she remembered quite well now she was reminded of it.

The fact was Milly didn't listen properly. Her thoughts were far away, full of something else. Sometimes she was making up little rhymes; sometimes dreaming about the elves and pixies in her fairy book. Such things were much more interesting than the everyday things people told you to do.

Mother understood. She told Milly that she hoped she would go on thinking and imagining, because, if she did, perhaps one day she would be able to write stories and verses of her own.

"But," said Mother, "it doesn't do to dream *all* the time. What a funny world it would be if nobody listened to what was said to them! Suppose Cook forgot the dinner, and Daddy forgot to go to work. What an upside-down world it would be!"

Milly was thinking about that one morning when she suddenly remembered that she was on the way to the shops to fetch something for Mother.

Something for Mother! Milly's heart gave a bound. What was it Mother had asked her to buy for her?

She gazed in the shop windows miserably, hoping she would see something that



She gazed in the windows

would remind her of what she had come to buy. But she didn't.

Mother wasn't at all angry when Milly came back empty-handed. She said she thought Milly would remember the next time. And she was quite right, for what Milly had forgotten was the lovely new frock that the dressmaker was to have had ready for her that morning. And, as there wasn't time to go out again, Milly had to wear an old frock at a very special party that afternoon!



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 10, 1925

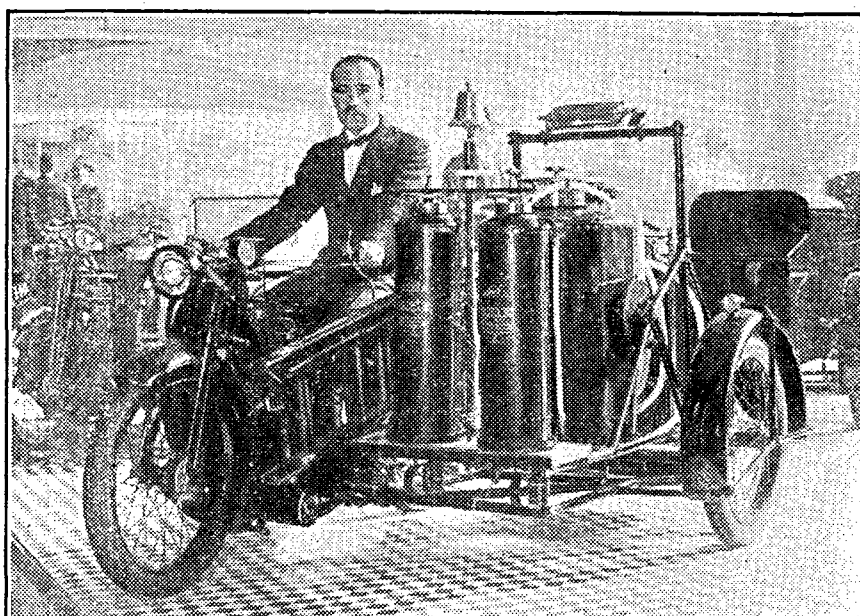
Every Thursday, 2d

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

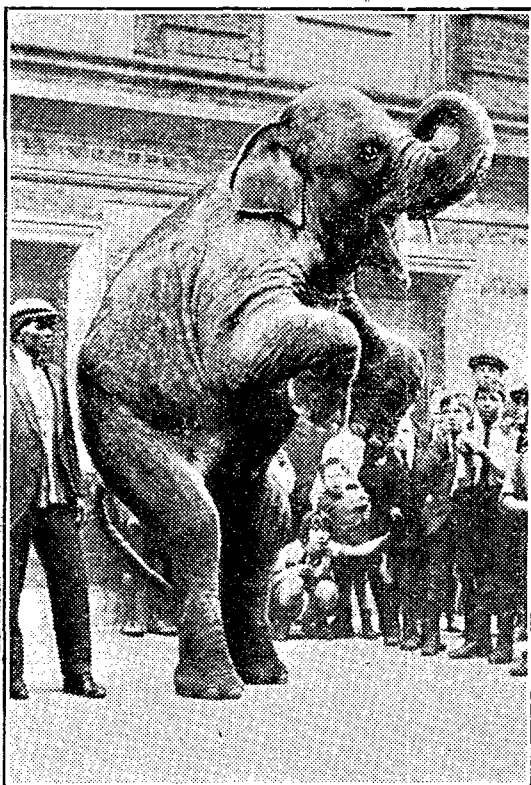
## MOTOR-CYCLE FIRE ENGINE • DANCING ELEPHANT • BRITISH MAIZE HARVEST



**The Foreign Secretary in His Garden**—Mr. Austen Chamberlain's hobby is gardening, and he loves to spend much of his spare time among his plants. Here he is seen with his son and his dog in the garden of his Sussex home, where he grows rare and interesting flowers.



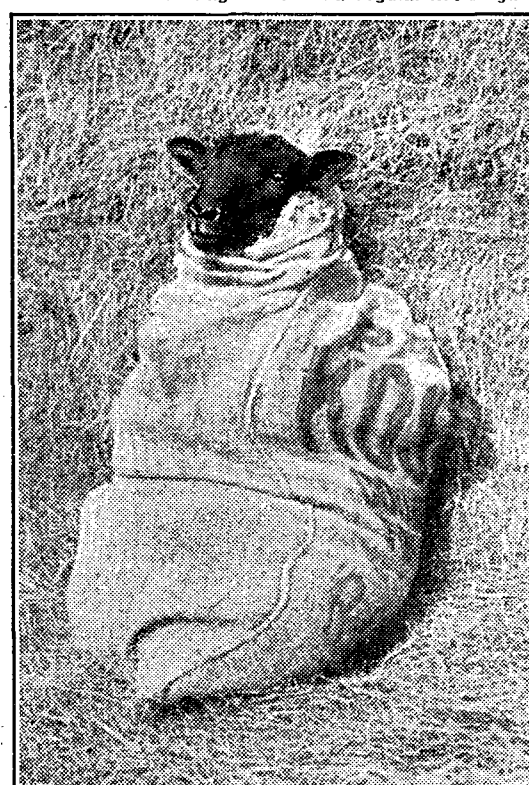
**A Motor-Cycle Fire Engine**—At the recent Motor Cycle Show at Olympia, in London, a motor-cycle with a sidecar fire engine was shown. It is, in fact, a complete fireman's outfit, for it carries a fire escape also, and is suitable for small villages without a regular fire brigade.



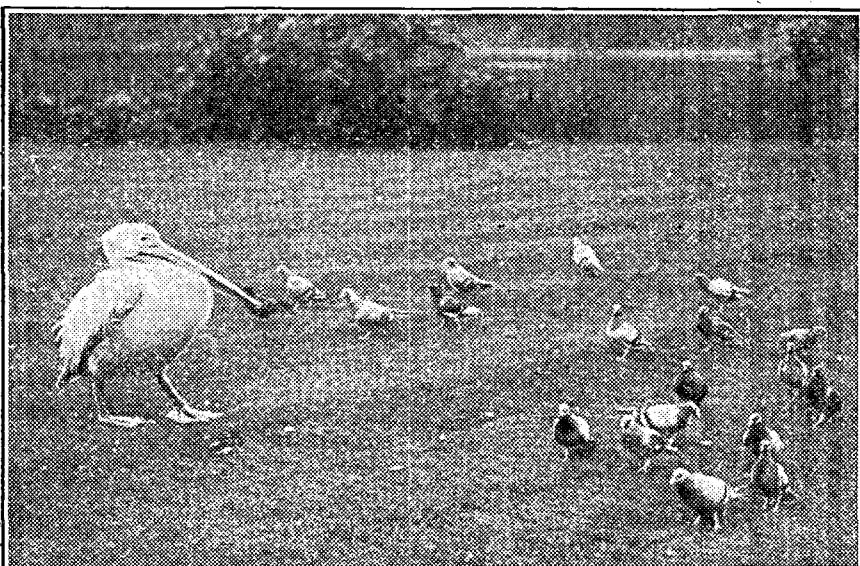
**The Dancing Elephant**—This elephant, which belongs to a travelling circus, gave a free show in a London street while passing through. The children were very delighted to see it.



**The British Maize Harvest**—Though maize is a plant of warmer countries it grows in England, and here we see maize lying out in a field at Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire. It grew to a height of 12 feet.



**Ready for the Train**—This is how a Cuffley farmer packs his sheep for despatch by train. The animal in the bag is a cross-bred ewe, and does not seem to mind its confinement.



**London's Greedy Pelican**—This is the greedy pelican in St. James's Park, London, that recently swallowed an unfortunate pigeon which had seized some of its food. The other pigeons do not seem to be afraid of the pelican, which is evidently no longer feeling very hungry.



**The Bluecoat Band Marches Through the City**—On St. Matthew's Day the boys of the Bluecoat School, now at Horsham but formerly in the City, pay a visit to the Lord Mayor of London and here they are marching to the Mansion House, in their quaint costume, with their drums playing.

## HELPING LAME DOGS OVER STILES—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER

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